

COUNTRY LIFE

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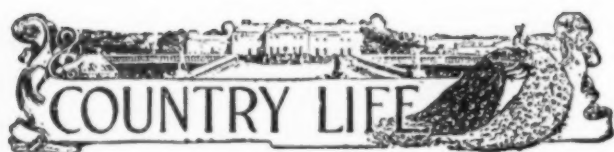
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RITA MARTIN.

MRS. CHARLES CRICHTON.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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. With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition.

THE SURVEYORS AND THE LAND.

ONE of the advantages of having a political question discussed by the Institution of Surveyors is that it is removed from the influence of passion and partisanship and subjected to the dry light of scientific investigation. Mr. Edward Strutt, who gave the opening address, chose for his subject "The Land Question," and in treating it dealt with three separate points. The first was that a large proportion of the second-class grasslands of the South and East of England, and perhaps some of the East Midlands, could be profitably converted into arable. In support of this he referred to a couple of farms the accounts of which have been very carefully preserved. Each is about two thousand acres in extent. In one of them three-fifths were arable, two-fifths were pasture. Taking a period

of eighteen years—1894 to 1911—the profit from the arable land was £2 1s. 7d. an acre, and from the grassland during the same period 7s. 11d. Wheat in the dry climate of the Eastern Counties had proved a lucrative crop. Undoubtedly, even for dairying purposes, land could be made more profitable by treating it as arable instead of pasture. It opens up a way of providing winter food, and in Denmark many of the dairy-farms are largely arable.

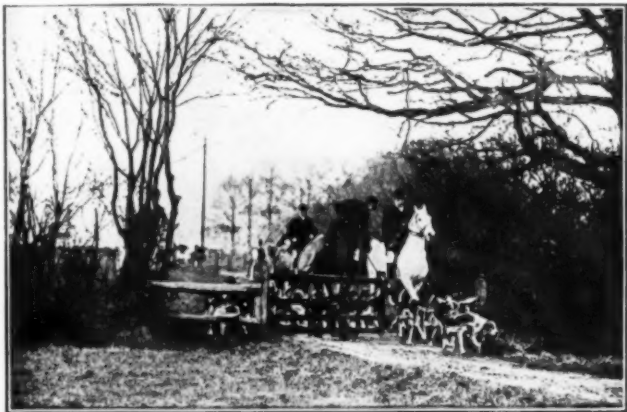
The second point dealt with the break-up of large estates, which Mr. Strutt did not seem to regard as altogether a misfortune. He holds that the fact of large blocks of land belonging to a relatively small number of land-owners exposes these owners to harassing legislation. Huge estates are not altogether desirable in the present state of things. Many are being broken up owing to the operation of various causes; one, in Mr. Strutt's opinion, being the Finance Act of 1910 and the increase of Death Duties, together with a well-grounded fear that future legislation will penalise the land-owning class. His remedy is not so much small ownership or small holdings of any kind, as the distribution of the ownership of land among all classes. In other words, if we understand him aright, he would like to see estates graded in size from the small holding, just sufficient to yield the owner a livelihood by means of intensive cultivation, to the compact large estate, which, however, will remain an estate and not become a gigantic territory. The third point dealt with was the Land Tax movement. A little cold water has been thrown upon this by the responsible leaders of the Liberal Party, who have declared themselves antagonistic to the suggestion that all taxes should be placed on land. Probably those who are most directly responsible for this propagandism never believed that it would be accepted. They will have gained their object if they secure the lesser point in their programme, which is that buildings should be relieved of local rates and that these rates and government subventions should be obtained from the unimproved site value of land. In figures this means that land would have to find £50,000,000 now borne by buildings and £25,000,000 now found by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It would be difficult to repel Mr. Strutt's contention that this would go far to destroy private ownership in real property and that it would occasion a general calling in of mortgages, which would mean financial chaos. Moreover, it would most effectively dry up the supply of capital to the land. On the other hand, if allowance were made for the expenditure by owners on the improvement of land, nothing would remain on which to assess the new taxes. Mr. Strutt finished by remarking that, in the cases where land suitable for building is held up in order that a better price may be secured, he did not think it would be unjust to compel owners to sell land clearly ripe for building, and the way to do that was to assess it at its building value.

The value of these remarks arises largely from the fact that Mr. Strutt is a capable agriculturist as well as a great many other things, and anything he says about cultivation is worthy of the closest attention. The tendency is already beginning to show itself of turning pasture-land once more into arable, and therefore his advice on this point will fall on willing ears. His advocacy of a system of estates of mixed size, the majority of which will be cultivated by the owners, is also certain of a favourable hearing. The situation of the land-owner at present is strategically a bad one. The great land-owners are comparatively few in number, and the influence they wield is much more limited than it would have been a hundred years ago. In fact, they stand in the position of being put up to be shot at. Mr. Strutt is saying nothing inimical to their interests when he contends that a wider distribution of land would be to the general interest. The alternative is the taxing of site values. Many people look into this question, and, thinking it absurd, refuse to discuss it seriously; but they do not reflect that the doctrine is preached to audiences only very slightly instructed in regard to the various aspects of the land question.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Mrs. Charles Crichton, whose wedding to Major Charles Crichton took place on November 7th. Mrs. Crichton is the elder daughter of the Hon. Eustace and Lady Evelyn Dawnay of West Heslerton Hall, York.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

MANY a weighty utterance has been made at the Guildhall Banquet by the Prime Minister of England; but, by the united testimony of friends and opponents, no weightier deliverance was ever uttered than that of Mr. Asquith on Saturday night. A great deal of doubt and mystification was cast aside by his clear statement: "Upon one thing I believe the general opinion of Europe to be unanimous—that the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits which cost them so dear." The Premier went on to declare that in regard to the Balkan question the European Powers are working together with a closeness of touch and a frankness and freedom of communication and discussion which are remarkable. It is evident that there has been a realisation of the fact that the Balkan States now enter upon a new career. As our witty contemporary *Punch* said last week, "Old Status Quo" is dead, never to come to life again. Mr. Asquith very wisely deprecated any hasty discussion of minor points in the settlement till the whole question could be treated fully and finally. There is reason for hoping that the Eastern Question, which has been a trouble and an embarrassment to British statesmen for very nearly a hundred years, will be clarified and simplified as a result of this war.

Mr. Bryce has resigned his position as British Ambassador at Washington. He gives the very sound reasons that the questions which he wished to see settled have now been settled. They were, the Newfoundland fisheries dispute, the Behring seal fisheries, the United States and Canada water boundary, and the Anglo-American pecuniary claims. At the same time he wishes for leisure to conclude two books on which he has been engaged for some time. Mr. Bryce's conduct of affairs at Washington has at times led to controversy, but it will be generally admitted that he has done much to bring the United States and Great Britain into more cordial relations. He belongs to a type of diplomatist of which this country may well be proud. The book by which he made his reputation, "The Holy Roman Empire," is now a classic of our language, and his "History of the American Commonwealth" is fit to be placed beside it. Mr. Bryce is to be succeeded by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who has been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm since 1908. As it is understood that Mr. Whitelaw Reid intends to resign his appointment here early next year, it would appear that there will be a complete change of personnel at the respective Embassies.

No transaction could be more praiseworthy from every point of view than the purchase by Mr. Max Michaelis of Sir Hugh Lane's collection of Dutch masters for the purpose of presenting it to South Africa. Sir Hugh Lane himself deserves praise because when he made up his mind to part with his pictures he resolved not to sell them unless the collection could be purchased complete for a public gallery. If other owners would follow this example we would be spared the vexation of seeing the precious art possessions of this country dispersed to various parts of the world. Mr. Max Michaelis has been patriotic as well as generous. He has given to South Africa a gift that will prove of ever-increasing value as time goes on. Colonies at the early stage of their history are more concerned with the hard and difficult affairs of life, the cultivation of the land and the establishment of industries, than with the finer

things of the spirit. The latter comes with increased riches and increased leisure. A love of art has already been strikingly evinced by our more prosperous colonies. Canada, for instance, not only possesses a number of great public picture galleries, but also private collections which would compare not unfavourably even with those in the Mother Country. South Africa is following suit. This fine set of pictures, including as it does examples of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Van Dyck, Jan Steen and Ruysdael, will furnish a gallery that in time may assume the largest proportions. We understand there is some difference of opinion as to whether the collection should be located in Cape Town or Pretoria, but Mr. Max Michaelis inclines to favour the former, and probably he is right.

Lord Furness, who died at Grantley Hall, Ripon, on Sunday, was one of the keenest and ablest men of his time. He was practically speaking self-made, as he began life in a grocery store started by his father. Even in this little sphere he at an early age gave evidence of his exceptional abilities, and when he left it he was already possessed of what others would have regarded as a fortune. Then he went on conquering and to conquer. The original firm had sent goods to America, and this brought young Christopher into touch with sailing vessels. From them he went on to steamships, and gradually became immersed in selling ships as well as buying them, till he became head of Furness, Withy and Co., and many other companies. He took a large share in public life, having been for fourteen years member of Parliament, and he brought into the consideration of the political-economical questions of the day a shrewd insight and a business-like aptitude for meeting the discontent of labour with practical remedies. In these he did not always succeed, but he was admittedly on the right road. As Lord Robert Cecil pointed out in a lecture given early in the present week, the great problem of the hour is to overcome the dehumanisation incidental to the rigorous and cast-iron regulations that at present govern the conduct both of employers and employed. Lord Robert suggested some kind of co-partnership as the best way out, and we need scarcely say that this had long been the idea of Lord Furness.

THE POOLS-OF-PEACE.

The little Pools-of-Peace lie far
From dusty ways of Noon,
Along the winding paths of Sleep
To where the hills of Twilight keep
The gardens of the Moon.

When Night comes softly down the sky
And lights each waiting star
The Minstrels of the Moon play low
For dancing feet of winds that go
To those still pools afar.

The little Winds-of-Dream go swift
And scatter with light hands
The Dust-of-Dreams to seal the sight
Of those who weary of the light
And seek for Elfin lands.

O! follow then the little winds
Along those shadowy ways
And find the Pools-of-Peace that lie
So fair beneath the dreaming sky
So far from dusty days.

JOAN CAMPBELL.

Some two or three points seem to be made tolerably clear at the meeting to discuss the conditions of employment of golf caddies lately held by the Caddies' Aid Association and the Agenda Club. One is that everything must really depend upon the enterprise and enthusiasm of the members of individual clubs. Public meetings and speeches and such work as that of the two bodies above mentioned can do much towards forcing that enthusiasm by awakening golfers to their responsibility, but for really effective work to be done each club must tackle the problem itself and in its own way. It is clear, too, that a caddie must have a superabundance of idle hours, and while that is in itself apt to be demoralising, yet when the caddies' life is compared with that in many other so-called "blind-alley" occupations, such as a van-boy's, it affords a very good opportunity for training the boys in some useful employment. The consensus of opinion appears to be that the best training that can be given them is in market gardening, since there is a real chance for those who come to work on the land after a proper training. Many clubs, moreover, can give a plot of

ground near the clubhouse for the purpose. It may perhaps be suggested that there is another solution of the caddie problem that is often possible, namely, that boys should not be regularly employed as caddies, but that the regular places should be allotted to men who from no fault of their own are incapable of other work. This plan has been found effective at some clubs and is worthy of consideration.

About this season of the year it is very common to hear prophecies of the kind of winter we are going to have. Most of them are very speculative in character, but a little note sent by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* on Tuesday belongs to a different category. He said that Russia is suffering from the earliest winter ever known. Great loss has been caused to navigation, especially on the waterways of the interior. It is also stated that the Russian Government has been obliged, owing to the exceptionally early closing of the ports by ice, to take over the private coal supply of the country. For some days past the lowness of temperature has made itself felt very greatly in Great Britain, and the freezing in the northern part of Russia is more than a mere portent of a hard winter. Just as the rainy, cold weather of July and August was plainly due to the loosening of the ice in the Arctic Regions and the consequent appearance in the Atlantic of an abnormal number of icebergs, so the exceptional cold in the North is likely to produce an effect of hard weather in this country.

In an old naturalist's calendar we find it quite truly and duly noted as a phenomenon of the latter end of November that "tench go to bury in the mud." The comparative suspension of the vital functions which enable a hibernating animal to support the spark of life, ready to kindle again in the warmth of spring, under circumstances apparently so uncongenial is very interesting. It is not unnatural that where the truth is so strange it has given the occasion for yet more curious fiction. Samuel Pepys has something to say on the subject, on the information of a Mr. Harrington, who appears to have been a merchant trading with Livonia. As described by this gentleman, their mode of catching fish in that country was as follows: "Through holes made in the thick ice they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at a draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice, with snow at the bottom, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow and so carry them to market."

This draught of fishes through the ice, as related by the ingenious Mr. Harrington, is singular enough, but is as nothing compared with what he has next to tell us about the said fish thus taken. "And he hath seen," the account continues, "when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge, so that he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down." This he follows up with an affirmation of a far more familiar fiction: "Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mudd, from under water, hanging together to some twig or other, dead in ropes, and brought to the fire will come to life." We seem to be able to trace the genealogy of these reviving fish from the hibernation of the tench; and it is not really so very large an elaboration of the truth. The fiction about the swallows is, of course, a very old one and very persistent. Even Gilbert White could discuss it with much sympathy, and was disposed to give credence to it. It has been amply proved that a warm-blooded animal can survive immersion in water while it is in the hibernation trance for five or six times the period that it could endure a like immersion while in its normal state.

A curious observation to be made on the natural phenomena of what has been altogether a most singular year is that the trout have been keeping in fine condition a good deal later than is at all normal. The Sussex Piscatorial Association thought it advisable, in consequence, to keep open its chief fly-fishing water until October 15th, instead of closing it on the usual date of the first of the month. Both the Test and the Itchen trout have been in singularly grand condition right up to the end of October, and we hear grievous lamentation on the part of the grayling-fisher over the beautiful trout that the regulations have compelled him to return to the water. The reason why this should be so is not quite clear. Certainly it was not a result of any lateness of the fish in coming into good condition in the spring, for they were, on the contrary, a little earlier than common. It is likely that it is an effect of the same cause as that which kept some of the migrant and fly-feeding birds,

such as the swift, with us until far beyond their usual date of departure. Probably there were some very late hatches out of the aquatic fly which supplied both fish and trout with fine feeding beyond the normal time

In our Correspondence columns this week there is a delightful picture of a crafty old owl who has taken up his residence within the cowl of a Kew chimney which rises from a busy thoroughfare. He is always sheltered, because the cowl revolves very freely on its pivot, thus protecting him from every blast that blows. On the next page there is a bird letter of equal, but very different, interest. It comes from Mrs. Leyborne Popham, who in the alpine garden of her Cumberland residence is in the habit of keeping some of our most interesting wildfowl, such as the oyster-catcher, the avocet and the redshank. She obtains them from Belgium as nestlings early in the year, and they are kept in a condition of tameness and yet freedom. When the longing for the sea comes upon them, they are at liberty to fly away, and eventually they disappear altogether. But it must add very much to the interest and pleasure of an alpine garden to have these creatures living in it during that time of the year in which it is at its best. It is an old and sound rule that the animate always tends to lend a beauty to the inanimate and the alpine flowers will be none the less keenly appreciated because of the feathered visitors.

SUN ON THE SEA.

A brown-sailed fishing boat goes by,
A dipping, dancing, careless thing;
In the blue fields a butterfly
On sunlit wing.

Along the pathway of the sea
The footprints of the wind are white;
The waves are woven tapestry
Of shade and light.

Till, dazzled, one can scarcely say
Which is the sea-bird wheeling home,
And which the sparkling silver-grey
Of the stirred foam.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

The flooded farms of Huntingdonshire have only just become dry land again, and the distress which has been caused by the loss of the harvest and the consequent dearth of work is beginning to be felt most keenly. We have great pleasure in recording the gifts of those of our readers who contributed to the fund started as the result of the articles which were published in *COUNTRY LIFE*. In addition to those whose names were sent to us before, we have received another list of subscribers for the relief of the distress from Mr. Pauley Smith, the Vicar of Ramsey: Miss Ridgways, 10s. 6d.; Mr. F. L. Neale, £1 11s.; the Rev. W. G. Saint, £1 11s.; F. C., £5; Mr. A. E. Cooke, £5; Mr. Thomas Woodcock, £1 1s.; Miss Emily Evans, £10; and Mrs. Sloman a parcel of clothes. The response of the public to the call made by such a disaster is always most generous, and we feel that even greater numbers of people would be most willing to help if they realised what a hard-working, thrifty and independent community the Fen men are, and how utterly unforeseen was the catastrophe which has overwhelmed them. They are certainly a people who are worth helping in every possible way.

Sir W. H. Lever has devoted so much of his wealth and energy to the furtherance of schemes for the public good, particularly the endowment of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, that no surprise will be felt at his adding one more to his list of benefactions. But, still, the new adventure takes an unexpected form. It is announced that Sir William has purchased Stafford House from the Duke of Sutherland for a purpose as yet undefined, but described in general terms as that of devoting it to some public or national purpose. This will keep alive at least one tradition of the great town mansion, for the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have long pursued the laudable custom of giving the use of it for meetings of a philanthropic or other public-spirited object. As yet the definite character it will assume in the future has not been settled. Sir W. H. Lever is at present in the Congo, and will not return till considerably after Christmas. However, the affair is in good hands, viz., those of Mr. Harley of Liverpool and Mr. Howard Frank, through the agency of whose firm the sale was negotiated.

JERUSALEM AND THE WAR.

VISITORS to Jerusalem this Christmas are likely to miss many of the picturesque human features of the Holy City. No Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins will be there; for the war will have swallowed the pilgrims. At Bethlehem on Christmas Eve the Greek monks will perform their services, tremblingly, alone; on January 6th, the Festival of the Baptism of Jesus, there will be no thousand Christians in their death-shrouds on the banks of the Jordan, and the common halls of the monasteries and of the great hostleries of the Russian settlement will be empty. The tall Montenegrin guides of the Orthodox Palestine Society will be either in cells hidden from the Moslem populace or will have hied them, long since, to Greece. Even the Mahomedans will be fewer in Jerusalem; there will be fewer Arabs with trains of



M. Emil Frechon. THE TURKISH ESCORT OF THE GREEK PATRIARCH. Copyright.

camels and mules descending the long dark roadways, fewer khaki-clad Syrians and Turks keeping order at the sacred edifices. There will be no hawkers of praying-beads, crosses, pictures, thorn-crowns, ikons; for there will be no purchasers. The Jews will groan over the absence of money; they will go to the ancient wall and pray and beat their heads against it. The owners of orange orchards will tear their hair, and the unpurchased stock of date-merchants will grow a year older and dirtier. The Eastern beggars, all sores and ulcers, will not flock this year from

their desert villages to Jerusalem, but will whine more plaintively where they are and rend their rags to look uglier, and hope for an end of the war. The Sepulchre will have the silence and gloom which is its due; it will marvel at the stillness that has supplanted the yelling and clamour of the Christians and the



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UNDER THE ANCIENT WALL.

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Moslems round about.

The Russians foresaw the situation long ago, and a notice was posted in the Consulate at Jerusalem that the Government of Russia would issue no more passports to pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land until the war was over. From Russia alone ten to fifteen thousand pilgrims journey to Jerusalem every year, and never a Russian boat arrives at Jaffa but it brings its complement of sheepskin-hatted peasants and shawl-wrapped peasant women. If the Russians are fifteen thousand, the Greeks, Bulgarians and Montenegrins, co-religionists of Russians, number as many, and twice as many, in the year. But all those who ordinarily would be kneeling before the shrine are now kneeling behind rocks, and those who thumbed prayer-books are thumbing triggers; their eyes do not look dreamily to God but piercingly to find the foe; they have sombreros on their heads; their packs are gone, there are muskets on their shoulders. I speak, of course, of the pilgrims from the Balkans; the Russian peasants are not



M. Emil Frechon.

PEASANT WOMEN OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE SEPULCHRE.

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carrying muskets yet, though they must be wild to do so—against the Turk.

I remember when we came into sight of the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople an old grey-beard pilgrim took off his hat and cried out: "Oh grant we may sing to God in thee one day and that Tsargrad may be ours." That was no less than a historical sentiment, a memory of the ardour of many wars, the very breath in the nostrils of Christian fighting Turk.

"Can you tell me," said an old pilgrim to me at Jerusalem this year, "will the Last Judgment take place in the

Valley of Jehoshaphat or by the Dead Sea? It is an important question, because if what the Greek monks say is true, the time is not very far distant, and I should like to know to which place I shall have to go. I should like to have a good look at it beforehand."

I said I thought the great sunken basin of the Dead Sea more likely, but, showing some curiosity as to the reason for the monkish prediction, I caused the old pilgrim to explain.



M. Emil Frechon.

THE PATRIARCH AND HIS PRIESTS.

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PRAYING IN FRONT OF THE WALL.

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"This year," said he, "Tsargrad* falls. There is an ancient prophecy that in the year when Annunciation falls on the same day as Easter the War of the End of the World will commence, Tsargrad will fall, Armageddon will be fought, Christ fighting on one side and anti-Christ on the other. Then will come the Last Judgment and the end of the world." What a sensation it will cause in Russia and in Greece if any part of this prophecy should come true. None is so astonished at apparent miracles as those who urgently declare that they believe in them.

Constantinople may easily fall and the whole balance of Christian and Moslem be upset in the Near East. One thing is certain about the Moslem—he is an inexorable foe; his revenge is lasting, his lust to kill is something essential in the least drop of his blood. If he is humiliated politically in war he will be ever ready to work out his vengeance personally in murder and massacre. Turkey beaten will be more unpleasant for the Christians than Turkey master; the pilgrims in Jerusalem will need much more protection than has been given them in the past, the caravans to Nazareth and Jordan will have to be guarded by Christian soldiers, no stragglers allowed, and the tourist must be sure of his revolver. It is very probable that Russia will have her own troops to guard her own people. She may also insist on the national character of her Church and its shrines in the Holy Land and break away from the Greeks, whose ecclesiastical corruption and lack of belief form a weakness through which enemies of Russia can strike her national faith.

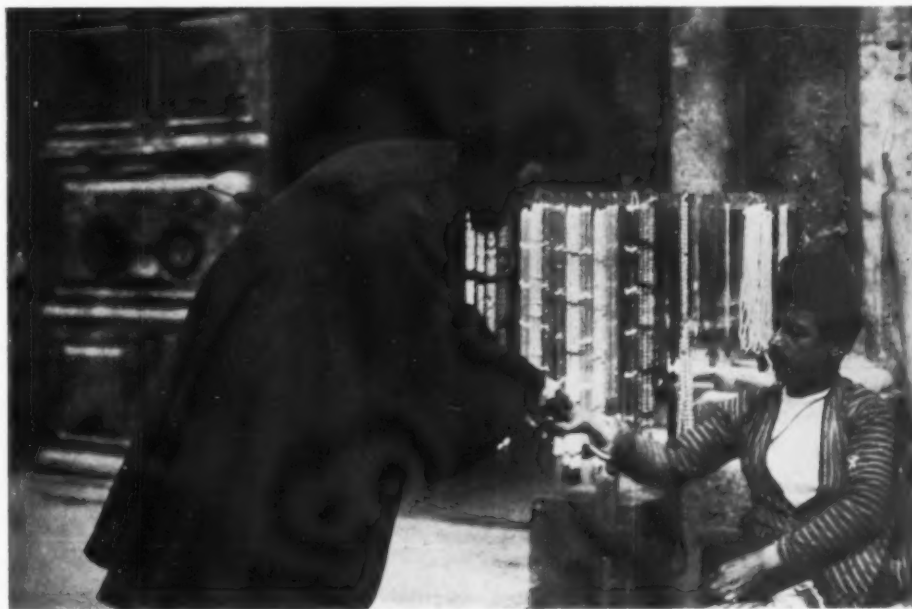
Constantinople is, of course, the great historical capital of Eastern Christianity—it is the Eastern Rome. It is unlikely that the Slavs will give it up to the Powers if they once capture it. If they capture it and hold it, and beat down the mosques and restore St. Sophia, then the Orthodox Greek Church will swiftly assert itself as the greatest Church of the world by the power of its armies and the splendour of its belief. Mount Athos will become trebly famous, and it may quite possibly happen that the victorious armies will operate upon Syria and make a Christian colony of Jerusalem. They could hold it as a colony, for the Syrian aborigines have no love for the Turks.

When the war broke out no one dreamed of Slav success or an interruption of the *status quo* in the Near East, and the imagination was only

stirred by the prospect of the clash of arms. But now that the Balkan confederates are carrying all before them a fascinating problem presents itself—what will be the complexion of the Near East when the war is over?

Jerusalem will, perhaps, be still devoid of people next Easter, or will the Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks and Montenegrins be there in hordes, flushed with victory, rapturous with glory-giving, flooding the Sepulchre with tears of joy? Will the sight of their enemies triumphant overcome the commercial greed of the Mahomedan hawkers or be too much for the proud knife-brandishing Arabs? If so, the ancient grimy floor of the "Life-giving Tomb" may once more run with blood. Or perhaps, when the mob is waiting for the bursting forth of the Sacred Fire at the Sepulchre, the soldiers that keep order will be Greek and Russian and not Turkish. Perhaps on Good Friday the Greek procession will be able to carry the Holy Shroud through the streets as they used to do in the days of the first centuries of Christianity, and not simply, ignobly, from the platform of Golgotha twelve paces to the Stone of the Anointing? There will be patrols at the bazaars and at the sacred places.

Whatever happens, I fancy there will be little difference in the outward aspect of the city once the war is over and the pilgrims have returned. Whether Greeks or Moslems guard



M. Emil Frechon.

A PRIEST BUYING PRAYING BEADS.

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the Tomb, there will be trouble when the people meet together. There will be the same busy trafficking in praying beads, the same processions of priests in stove-pipe hats, the same snuffy panniered camels with turbaned Arab drivers, the same dark, broad-faced, long-mouthed Arab girls carrying pots on their heads, the same grand Eastern in many-coloured burnous walking picturesquely down the roadway of a hundred lichened, shadowy archways.

At the Mount of Olives, at the Virgin's Tomb, at the Church of Christ's Passion, the same Greek chants will swell out upon the air; at Bethlehem, as ever, the naked beggar children will swarm about the visitor offering bunches of wild flowers for farthings. In all places where the peasant-pilgrims flock together the smug Greek monk will be offering his personal prayers for a price. To the pious Westerner the city will remain a disappointment and a disillusion; to the sight-

seer it will remain a wonder over and above all that is ever said of it in guide books.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

• *Tsargrad*. The Russian name of Constantinople.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

ADULTERATION.

M R. BURNS was asked in the House the other day whether he was going to introduce a Bill dealing with the adulteration of bread. He replied in the affirmative, and went on to say that the proposals he intended to make would not be aimed at bread adulteration only, but would have a far wider scope. This was a startling announcement to those who have studied this vast and intricate question, and the introduction of the Bill will be watched for with extreme interest. There are, indeed, few subjects of greater importance, and none with which the Legislature would find more difficult to deal with in a comprehensive manner. It seems, indeed, hopeless to expect a measure which would go to the root of the matter in the fag end of such a Session as the present one. To effect drastic reforms there must be provisions in the Bill which would be certain to rouse the bitterest opposition, and half-measures only lull the people to sleep and effect nothing worth having. Agriculture is very deeply concerned in the question, but not more so than the consuming public in the towns, and it is to be feared that until the two can work earnestly together, the manufacturing and trading interests will be found too strong for them. Take the margarine question. Parliament has spent much time and labour in elaborating Bill after Bill, and has laid down stern rules excellent in themselves, but missing their mark by the omission of one to prevent the use of artificial colouring to imitate butter. The trade would not have it, and there was an end of it. Adulteration has become more and more scientific and difficult to deal with. It covers a vast field and outpaces the laws that are made to prevent it, while the mass of the people have no conception of the amount of deterioration their food undergoes. We are always tinkering at the laws intended to prevent fraud, but still the evil grows, breaking out in new directions as we check it in others.

The health of the people should, of course, be the first consideration, and it ought not to be beyond the "wit of man" to devise schemes for laying down standards of purity for all articles of food which lend themselves to adulteration. That will be a gigantic task; but we shall come to it in time and have a proper Bureau of Chemistry with a well-trained staff for the examination of samples.

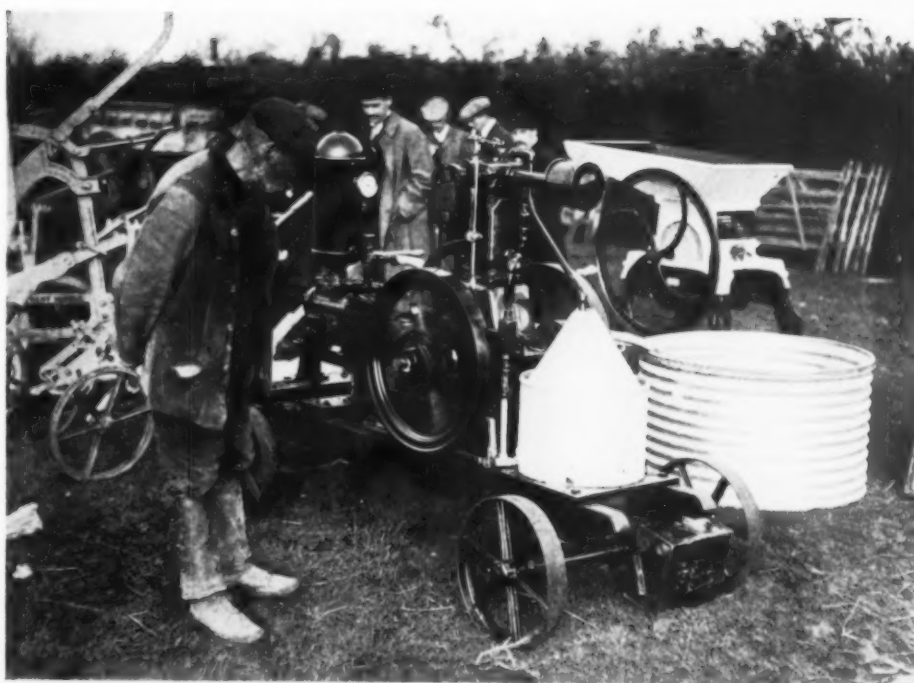


M. Emil Frechon.

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IN THE ROADWAY BETWEEN A HUNDRED LICHENED ARCHWAYS.

From the agricultural point of view we have a greater evil to deal with than direct adulteration, which may be called misdescription or misrepresentation. From this there is no doubt that British producers suffer incalculable loss. It may not imperil the health of consumers so much, but it grievously affects their pockets, because by unfair trading they are made to pay excessive prices for inferior articles. One or two instances will serve to illustrate this. Frozen lamb, costing the retailer, say, 3s. 4d. per stone, or 5d. per pound, is cut up into appropriate joints, such as saddles, etc., well floured, and then appears as "prime Scotch mutton," for which about 11d. per pound is charged. Then we have the old question of "new-laid" eggs. No foreign eggs can properly be so described; but that they are so, and to a vast extent, is evident to the meanest intelligence. Only last week it was a common thing to see large boxes of eggs in suburban shops marked "New laid, ten for a shilling," when genuine English were worth 2d. each in the wholesale market. This is misdescription with a vengeance, and could easily be put down by compulsory marking of all foreign eggs at the ports of landing. The one great principle at which Parliament ought to aim is that the public be enabled to see for itself what it is buying. Those who, for the



THE OLD RUSTIC AND THE MODERN INVENTION.

A scene at the Swanley ploughing match.

sake of economy, wish for cheapness could then get it, while those who are able and willing to pay a fair price for the best home produce would no longer be the prey of easy deception.

A. T. M.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN a preface to the second volume of *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli Earl of Beaconsfield* (Murray) Mr. W. F. Monypenny, as we are sorry to notice, explains that the long interval between the appearance of the first volume and that of the second volume was due to ill-health. It was almost a pity to begin the issue of the book till the way was clear for completing publication at regular intervals. However, this volume may almost be called a book by itself. It deals with the years 1837 to 1846, that is to say, from Dizzy's First Parliament to the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The period is of exceptional interest just now.

There were two alternative methods of treating it, viz., in the spirit of Mr. Monypenny's motto, taken "from Contarini Fleming": "Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory." The other way was that of the political pamphleteer. Now, Mr. Monypenny has strong views, otherwise a theory, and was driven perforce into propagandism. Of that there is no reason to complain. On the contrary, a Protectionist is the proper biographer of a Protectionist. An outright, outspoken partisanship is preferable to any self-conscious attempt at impartiality. If the book be considered purely as biography, the chief fault of the second volume is that of the first. Mr. Monypenny, careful and solicitous about minute biographical data, has not gone deep enough into life and history. His drama lacks appropriate staging and background. Very often he gives no more than the thin who's-whoishness of a society journalist, when very much more is required. Take his description of the Parliament of 1837, to which he was elected. It was a seething moment in the history of the nation—scarcely a section of society was not quivering to the impact of new ideas. Changes of vast importance were brewing. Railways were beginning to open, in that year the Atlantic for the first time was ploughed by a steamer's keel, Prophet Carlyle was thundering his gospel from Chelsea, and Darwin was working out a new cosmogony. In urban works and factories the age of labour-saving machinery had been ushered in, and in country places the rustics were full of dull resentment. They had gained nothing from the famine prices caused by war and its after effects. Bread was dear, wages at their lowest ebb. Inarticulate otherwise, the peasant, was making his discontent known by rick-burning. But that was only a passing incident in the great conflict between land and industry.

Mr. Monypenny has nothing to say of all this. The fact on which he enlarges is that the new House of Commons

contained no fewer than five men who were to be Prime Ministers. There was Peel, who had been Premier and now led the Opposition; Lord John Russell, Home Secretary and Leader of the House, who was to be head of the two Whig minorities; Lord Stanley, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone completed the number. Still who's-whoing, Mr. Monypenny runs his eye over the other members to show that there was a galaxy of "notable personalities." Indeed, it was a variegated assembly, including such dissimilar figures as Mackworth Praed and Stratford Canning, Daniel O'Connell and Sir William Molesworth, Lord George Bentinck and Charles Buller. In this crowd Disraeli the younger made his first appearance as an M.P. Out-dandying the dandies in his dress, affected in his speech, he focussed attention. He interested the House from the first, even when he made his famous maiden effort and gave forth his prophecy: "The time will come when you will hear me." At first his ambition was to bask in the favour of Peel. He writes to his sister (his letters to her are his running commentary on events) that although the effort was a failure, Peel cheered him repeatedly, "which is not his custom." This was on December 7th, and on the 18th he spoke again "with complete success," he says. But he is very cheerful about his oratory. "I rose and made a most successful speech," he writes on another occasion. "Indeed, it was not merely a very good speech, but it was by far, and on all sides agreed, the very best speech of the evening, which it is always a great thing to achieve as then nobody else is talked of." On May 15th, 1841, he writes:

I spoke with great effect last night in the House, the best speech on our side; it even drew "iron tears down Pluto's cheek," *alias* applause and words of praise from Peel. A full House about half-past nine o'clock, and all the Ministers there. . . . The times are terribly agitating, and I can give you no clue to what may happen.

But although Disraeli interested the House, he did not secure its trust. When Peel formed his Ministry in 1841, he asked to be included, but the Prime Minister politely refused. Disraeli's position at the opening of the Session of 1844, from which his divergence from the Government is dated, Mr. Monypenny admirably describes:

Though when the session of 1844 began Disraeli had already been six years in Parliament, we may doubt whether he had yet attained to any high position in the favour of the House of Commons. The successes in debate which he reported from time to time with so much complacency to his sister had failed to produce the cumulative effect that might have been expected. He had shown qualities that would have won him influence and promotion as a Minister, and if he had been taken into the Ministry in 1841 progress would have been easy;

but an open and visible check such as he then received is more often than not fatal to a Parliamentary career, and in his case recovery was rendered more difficult by the dubious reputation which, taking its origin from his early political escapades and his affectations of dress and manner, still clung to him persistently. Exclusion from the Government had the appearance of setting the seal on his reputation, and for the moment he seemed to lose much of the ground he had won.

Thus with clearness and no inconsiderable amount of insight, Mr. Monypenny shows the difficulties that beset his hero in the opening stages of his career; and his treatment of the long duel between him and Sir Robert Peel over the Corn Laws shows us how the figure that at first appeared so strange and fantastic in a gathering of sober, practical common-sense English gentlemen came at last to have a paramount influence. He dwells with gusto on such clever sayings as that Sir Robert Peel had found the Whigs bathing, walked away with their clothes, and so became a strict Conservative. Cleverness, sardonic humour, originality, the power of repartee and epigram Disraeli possessed in a degree unrivalled in the history of English statesmen. But the effect of thinness in the biography is due to the fact that in regard to all this Mr. Monypenny is telling a thrice-told tale, and he has stuffed the narrative out with letters, many of which are of small interest or importance. They deal, that is to say, with the questions of the day and hour, and scarcely ever show Disraeli reflecting, as he must have done, on that particular chapter of the struggle which has ever been going on in English history. In early days it was the aristocracy against the King, and the monarchy survived and even strengthened its foundations, because at nearly all critical moments it submitted to the inevitable. The only King who lacked wisdom to see the necessity of the situation lost his head in consequence. The struggle passed on and became a battle between the old aristocracy and the democracy. Mr. Monypenny, no doubt, recognises this in some measure, but he seems to think that he has explained everything when he used the phrase "the middle-classes" as a term of obloquy. There is no phrase in the English language that has been so frequently misused as this of the middle-classes. To be middle-class, in the minds of a certain school of thought, is to be vulgar and money-seeking, illiterate and unideal. So Mr. Monypenny, an echo here and not a voice, describes Cobden as the genius of the middle-classes, Peel as a middle-class statesman, the Repeal as a middle-class movement. Yet the events of the last few years stare him in the face and show that for weal or for woe the struggle still continues. As privilege after privilege was wrested from the King, so the landed aristocracy has been divested of much of its ancient power, and it would almost seem now as though the battle were to be continued by Labour fighting against Capital. It appears to us that if Mr. Monypenny had tried to "build the lofty rhyme," or, rather, use his best prose for the purpose of showing that the life of Benjamin Disraeli Earl of Beaconsfield was only a footnote to this great history, or at best a single episode in an unending epic, he would have written a more useful and certainly a much more fascinating biography.

AMONG THE RUINS OF THE REDUCTIONS.

In Jesuit Land: The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay, by W. H. Koebel, with an Introduction by R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Stanley Paul.)

THE missionary work of the Jesuits in Paraguay will always stand out as one of the most remarkable achievements of the Society. Mr. Koebel, who is an experienced traveller as well as an accomplished writer, is more concerned in his delightful book, *In Jesuit Land*, with his travels among the ruins of the Reductions (as those mission centres were termed) than with their actual history, though he sketches this sympathetically in an appendix. His visit to Paraguay was made nearly thirty years later than that of Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, whose book on the subject, "A Vanished Arcadia," will be remembered by many, and whose preface to the present work adds much to its value. For nearly two hundred years the Jesuits ruled over those mission towns which they had succeeded in establishing among the Guarani Indians, towns which one of their historians has described as "those Christian republics of which no model had as yet appeared in the world; republics founded in the centre of the most savage barbarism upon a plan more perfect than those imagined by Plato, Bacon and the author of *Telemachus*, and by men who employed in founding them no other cement but their sweat and their blood, who from no other motive but God's glory and the welfare of mankind, and with no other weapon but the Gospel, braved the fury of the most intractable savages." From the day in 1586 when the little band of pioneers arrived (not, it would seem, without an adventure bordering upon the miraculous) till that in 1768, when submitting, unresisting, to the decree of expulsion, seventy of the fathers were sent in chains to Spain, their work was carried on with unremitting patience and courage. There was community of goods in the little Republics. Everyone was obliged to work. The day began early, and after Mass the little band went forth to their labours in the fields "to the sound of music, reed and string instruments blending with their voices as they chanted the psalms on their way." Each Reduction was provided with a hospital, staffed with trained nurses; there were asylums for the aged and infirm, and schools and workshops where trades and crafts of all kinds were taught. "The Indians carved wood and stone, understood the printer's art and illuminated manuscripts." For those two hundred years the Guarinis lived civilised Christian lives; indeed, so greatly did they submit to the laws and regulations framed for them by their priestly rulers that in all these towns one of their missionaries once avers "that no mortal sin had been committed for the space of a year." After the expulsion of the Jesuits

brought about by the greed of capitalists, the natives were either seized upon as slaves by the settlers, or, escaping, returned to their former state of savagery in the forests. In thirty years there was little trace left of the prosperous towns. Now the ruins (of which many photographs are given) pathetically testify to their ancient prosperity, and to the existence of those magnificent churches, once so richly adorned, of which the destruction has only been partial, "since the massive gaunt shells of the structures still rear themselves sombrely upwards . . . suffering with grim dignity the cactus and shrubs and plants that sprout with mocking exuberance from the crevices in the walls." Battered figures of the Blessed Virgin can still be seen standing in niches of those broken walls among the orange groves where "unseen and uncared for the golden balls in their thousands ripen, and fall, and rot." But who shall say that the work was wasted? During nearly two centuries of patient endeavour, thousands and thousands of souls were converted and saved to the Christian faith. If during the early years a massacre of the fathers took place, there were never found wanting others to come forward and carry on the work. Viewed spiritually, it was no little achievement, and as a practical picture of a Christian commonwealth, it presents a unique example. Mr. Koebel follows Mr. Cunningham Graham in his estimate of the Franciscan Bishop, Bernardino de Cardenas. It is not, we think, a wholly just one, since the principal charges brought against him were abundantly refuted in his lifetime.

The Sporting Instinct, by Martin Swayne. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

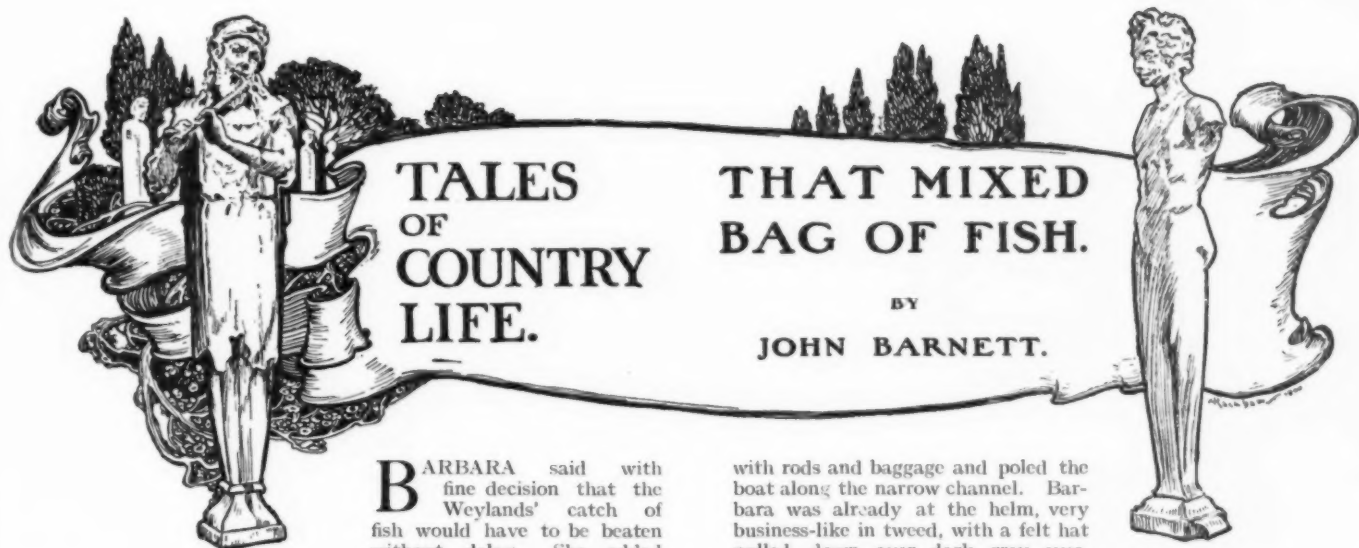
"THERE is nothing in this wide world so valuable as the sporting instinct. . . . In my opinion it's the finest, cleanest thing that exists nowadays"—thus, and more to the same purpose, spoke Colonel Taule for the purpose of showing that Mrs. Ellershaw would not run off with a bachelor of fifty. In order to make the situation clear let us note the persons of the drama in the manner of an old-fashioned stage play. They are Mrs. Ellershaw, married fifteen years ago, in love with Jack Singleton, but greatly tempted to run off with Sir George Brenner. Her own view is, "On my side I have the offer of money, fresh opportunity and travel. On your side (this was spoken to the bachelor) you have only me to win." Mr. Ellershaw is an unaffected, loud-spoken, very ordinary English gentleman, and husband of the lady; Major Singleton, an early comrade of hers with whom she is in love, but who now loves Miss Tarne; Sir George Brenner, a rich man, who is eager to take away another man's wife. Now, as to the way in which the lady's virtue is tried. Her husband is described as "a sort of gentlemanly ox in gaiters"; but he does very well as long as things are prosperous. His wife, after beginning ineffectively, had managed to take first place in the society of Great Maladers. Financial ruin overtakes her husband, and they have to take shelter in a small villa near a garrison town. The situation can now be divined. On a high plane the Ellershaws never have found philosophical comfort for the loss of their money. Mrs. Ellershaw rises to no height of that kind. She is at once enraged and mortified, and in the hour of adversity learns to hate her husband. It is not to passion that she is tempted to yield, but to wealth. The sporting instinct could save her in that case, because she would have been nothing but a cad if she had sold herself for gold. How would the charm have worked if Singleton had appealed to passion? Anything so real as that would have been out of place in the artificial world where the action is placed. Just because it is so artificial, the author may be forgiven his coruscating style. Some of the epigrams are good enough to be amusing. "Genealogical trees cast deep shadows" is one specimen. Others are, "There is a lot of the Jew in Nature. I fancy she has not quite got over her first experience with humanity in the wilderness." "They had enough money. A shilling one way or the other was not a pin stuck into an over-sensitive conscience." "Women can make most things, Jack—yes, they're very clever at making things—but they can't make allowances." "The Fabians? Oh, they are a class of people who encourage apoplexy in their elders." Everyone coruscates in this way, including the author, who seems to be a student of Meredith *à la* Mrs. Craigie.

Wild Life in the West Highlands, by Charles Henry Alston, with Illustrations by A. Scott Rankin. (James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow.)

THE first part of Mr. Alston's book is devoted to various mammals, though he omits the noblest of those found in Scotland, the red deer. Chapter I., dealing with the wolf, is excellent, and of the many "last wolves" mentioned in tradition two or three instances are cited. The Orkney vole, discovered by Mr. J. G. Millais, though outside the limits of the work, is mentioned, and there are seven chapters on birds. It will surprise many to learn that within the limits of a Highland parish no fewer than one-hundred-and-one different species have been observed. The author very strongly condemns egg-collectors for the downfall, in particular, of that fine bird, the osprey. Four chapters are devoted to fish, one dealing with the ferox. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the unanimous opinion of modern scientific authorities is that in Great Britain and Ireland we have, in all its varied forms, but one species of fresh-water trout, *Salmo fario*. In an appendix there is a chapter on "The Elephant at Home," which is one of the best in the book, and another on the kea of New Zealand. We are surprised to learn that, with the exception of Mr. Danford's drawing of a wild cat skin, the illustrations are from drawings "from Nature" by Mr. A. Scott Rankin. Though artistically treated they carry a somewhat formal atmosphere of glass-cases and the taxidermist, particularly in the pictures of the badger and the stoat. It is a pleasant little book, handy in size, and with excellent print.

Tota, by Mrs. Hobart-Hampden. (Macmillan.)

AS a gift-book for a child, Mrs. Hobart-Hampden's *Tota* should find favour in youthful circles where so exciting an event as an adventure into the mysterious domains of a Rajah of sinister reputation suggests fearful delights. Mrs. Hobart-Hampden's six year old heroine, the plump, good-natured and enterprising Gracie, has her full share of these, bringing back with her for a brief space the bridegroom-elect, Tota, for whose matrimonial settlement she had been spirited away, and whose proposal to marry, and then beat her, has—at their initial meeting—met with such drastic and whole-hearted reprisals as only a six year old Amazon, unfettered by the conventional limitations of her sex, might rashly embark upon. A very pleasing and gracefully written story.



BARBARA said with fine decision that the Weylands' catch of fish would have to be beaten without delay. She added suspiciously that she had not

seen the said catch with her own eyes, but she supposed it was genuine. Anyway, it would have to be beaten. She added that if no one would come with her, then she would go out and uphold the honour of the Hargreave family upon the Broad single handed. Whereupon Sam and Dicky said simultaneously and hastily that, of course, they would come with her. Barbara showed surprise at their willingness, but did not really feel it.

She was their cousin, lately come to the old grey house in Norfolk upon a visit all too short, and the great piscatorial rivalry between the Hargreave and Weyland families was really due to her. It was maddening to Barbara to be beaten in anything, or to see her friends beaten. Yet Sam and Dicky had not been spurred to keenness all in a moment. Dicky was, frankly, lazy about most things; give him sunshine, tobacco and a boat, or lawn, and he was content to let the world roar by without emulation on his part. But Barbara altered all that. As for Sam, his sketch-book had claimed possession of him, body and soul. If the most solemn engagement had been made for him, and at the due hour he was nowhere to be found, that sketch-book was always to blame. But Barbara altered all that. When one has Irish eyes that dance, and an Irish voice that charms, even when its owner is imperially cross, then one can alter things.

"It will take some beating, that catch of the Weylands," Dicky said, rather doubtfully.

"What was its exact weight?" Barbara asked, briskly.

"A stone and a-half exactly," Dicky answered. "Jack Weyland has told me about it so often that I wake from peaceful sleep at nights with the words 'a stone and a-half' upon my lips!"

It is a pleasing custom in Norfolk to estimate the weight of a catch in stones. This sometimes necessitates quite a gift for arithmetic. Dicky, for example, returned upon one occasion from a long day's fishing with one solitary roach weighing some seven ounces. And to Jack Weyland he described his bag with awful solemnity as "very nearly a twenty-eighth of a stone, by gad!"

"We shall do better than that to-morrow," Barbara answered, serenely. "I prophesy that we beat two stone! Mind, we must start directly after breakfast."

Her confidence was infectious at the time, but next morning, after a look at the weather, Sam gave it as his deliberate opinion that they had very little chance of sport. He was not seldom inclined to a pessimistic outlook, and certainly on this occasion there were some grounds for his gloom. They were after the bream primarily, and in Norfolk warm sunshine and settled weather are almost essential for the capture of this flat and wary fish. The month being an English July, it is scarcely necessary to say that they were not experiencing warm sunshine and settled weather. Barbara, of course, in her capacity as leader, cultivated optimism as a duty and a joy. She at once proceeded to predict a homeward row in the evening made wearisome and even dangerous by a dead weight of fish. Dicky, who posed as an expert, and, therefore, was necessarily addicted to cautious utterance, contented himself with a guarded, non-committal statement, to which he could afterwards refer with pride in the event of either failure or success. But at heart all three were hopeful—even the pessimistic Sam. Fishing cultivates the art of hoping. It is so often necessary. Besides, the united ages of the party were only fifty-four, with one year between each of them and Barbara in the middle. You can work it out for yourself. And at least it was not actually raining when they had left the cheery little village behind and were come to the narrow staithe. There was even a hint of blue in the sky, that grew more pronounced with every moment, and suddenly the sun broke out quite enthusiastically. It is a magician of exceeding power and cunning, the sun. It painted the turf beside the staithe a vivid green, it turned the dull grey of the sheltered water into molten gold, and it touched with cheery witchery the wall of whispering reeds that fenced the Broad. There were the pleasant sounds of a farmyard from near at hand, and the air was sweet with the roses and carnations rioting in the garden of the little inn. The three felt that the omens were propitious as they embarked

with rods and baggage and poled the boat along the narrow channel. Barbara was already at the helm, very business-like in tweed, with a felt hat pulled down over dark grey eyes, worthy to inspire even Dicky to valiant deeds and victory. At the moment she was telling him not to smoke so much.

The Broad always seems to break upon you with something of a surprise as you gain the narrow entrance with the thick reeds on either hand. The staithe is so tiny, and the stretch of water before you is so big and spacious. It is shallow, of course, regrettably, contemptibly shallow; but there is something great about it, all the same.

Perhaps it is at its best when the sky is grey and fierce and boding, and a wild east wind is sweeping from the sea, kicking up the grey waters into rolling waves. Certainly it is then most typical of an English summer day. But that morning there was for the moment little wind, the sky was peacefully dimpled, and the Broad glinted in the sunshine like a great diamond set in brilliant green.

The three were making for a spot that George had baited over-night, far away upon the right-hand side of the Broad. Barbara had given her orders to George, who was as grimly independent with most people as any village Hampden. But Barbara's handling of him was an effortless triumph. The water was marvellously crystal clear as they slipped lazily along. The thick, mossy bank of weed upon the bottom, with its delicate tracery of green most plainly revealed, was so dainty to the eye that one could almost forget the hindrance to fishing and navigation caused by this encroaching nuisance. Here and there they slid above a wide, bare patch of yellow gravel, and the sight gave Dicky the opportunity to discourse learnedly upon the habits of the clean, glossy, hard-fighting perch, who love such haunts—from which topic he would have drifted quite naturally and mechanically into a detailed account of his own capture of a certain giant perch; but Sam had endured the fabled story at least a thousand times, and Barbara at least a dozen. And the latter intervened, speaking with a preternatural gravity.

"With regard to that perch, Dicky," she said. "I am really curious about its weight?"

"It was exactly two pounds three ounces," Dicky answered, brightly, quite charmed to discover an interested victim. "I remember to this hour the sullen plunge with which it took the float under. It was five-and-twenty minutes past three on the ninth of August—" (Dicky always gave the hour and the date in telling the story of that perch. He felt instinctively that it lent verisimilitude to the stirring tale. Unhappily, his memory was faulty, and the details were apt to vary.)

"Two pounds three ounces?" Barbara interrupted, thoughtfully. "It was two pounds seven the last time, and that makes four different weights so far! And last time it was the twenty-first of July! I hate to say it, Dicky, but I'm beginning to believe that there wasn't no such perch, at all!"

Dicky opened his mouth to protest with outraged fury, but Sam chimed in, expressing his agreement with Barbara's cruel theory in a cruder, even more insulting fashion. Dicky shrugged his shoulders with the air of a great man mocked by unbelievers and consoled himself with tobacco.

Right across the Broad, as far as they could see, the long line of black posts wound like a sinister, lazily moving serpent. They marked the only channel navigable for boats of any size, and as she gazed, Barbara understood why so many of them were no longer perpendicular. In the distance at that moment was a luckless wherry, connected with one of the posts by a straining, taut-stretched rope. She had taken the mud, and her crew were heaving hard upon the line to warp her clear. It was, as Sam assured Barbara from past grim experience, a thankless, back-breaking task, and the sight of it gave an added contented pleasure to their own lazy, easy progress.

"I almost wish that we might go on for ever like this," mused Barbara aloud, unwarily. "With that sky above us, with this clean air upon our faces, and—"

"And someone else at the oars!" put in the vengeful Dicky from his thwart.

"I would relieve you, Dicky, but the exercise is so good for you," Barbara answered. "And, anyway, we are nearly at the swim."

They were, and it was necessary to wake from languorous, lotos-eating dreams. For the bream nowadays is no simple, child-like fish, waiting to be caught and asking no skill or caution for his capture. He may have been so once, although I have my doubts; but of late years there have been too many fishermen thirsting for his muddy blood. The good, easy, sanguine angler who rows out gaily upon the Broad, expecting many stone of fish, and innocent of certain tricks and subtleties, will surely go empty away. You must moor fifteen or twenty yards away from the swim you intend to fish, and be able to cast that distance with some address. If you moor nearer, the wily bream will surely detect your presence, and quite calmly, without anger—will seek other haunts. And even at that range it is necessary to moor stealthily, with Red Indian caution, for the water carries sound very far, and the senses of the bream are annoyingly keen. But no more of tiresome technicalities. Behold those three anglers, duly moored, with their floats bobbing near to the anchored cork that marked the ground-bait.

There were certainly bream upon the feed. Sam forgot his pessimism, and drew attention in a hissing whisper to certain lazy rings and bubbles that appeared upon the oily water round the cork. Undoubtedly, they were caused by bream which had left the sheltering reeds a yard or so beyond the cork and were at work upon the ground-bait. But were they in a fitting mood to be tempted by worms? That was the question that thrilled the three anglers keenly, that no man, or even woman, might answer yet. But the fish were surely there, and the three forgot most things in the world except those placid floats. . . . Ah! Sam's float had moved! It bobbed gently twice, and then glided easily away. Now it sank decisively—in such a fashion does a good bream bite. As the tip disappeared, Sam struck, and—his line came limply back towards him. He had missed badly. He pulled in miserably to put on a fresh worm, and was fully and painfully conscious of the reproachful glare of his companions. He may have scared every bream in the neighbourhood by his criminal clumsiness, so Dicky and Barbara convey to him by their remarks. Moreover, Dicky, who is a self-chosen expert authority on bites, pronounces in a stern whisper that that was certainly a bream. But by the time Sam's float is out again he has plucked up heart enough to find three separate and distinct excuses, each of them ample in itself to account for his error.

The incident had put their nerves upon the strain, and ten minutes went by in a tense watchful silence. Then, just as Sam relaxed to grope for his pouch, his float bobbed and slid away. He struck, and oh, rapture! His line sprang taut. It was a bream beyond all doubt, and a good one. The expert Dicky said as much with confidence, and Barbara confirmed the pronouncement. No other fish bit just like that, their experience told them. But . . . fish sometimes stultify experience in the most callous way. This was no bream. Sam had caught a glimpse of it. It was dark and thick and stumpy; it was keeping low and boring heavily for the bottom. Ah! here it came—yes, a tench, and a fine one. It was against the superstitious principles of these anglers to carry a landing-net, and so Dicky gripped the quarry deftly by the back of the head and lifted it in.

It was close on three pounds, dark bronze with a fine red eye. It now transpired that, curiously enough, both Dicky and Barbara had had a feeling from the first that very likely it *was* a tench! Your true expert is hard to beat and very seldom wrong. This capture indicated, by the way, that the omens were against the chance of a heavy bag of bream. They might get an odd one or two, but somehow bream and tench are rarely caught together. They do not like each other's company. On the other hand, if you catch one tench, you have a good chance of securing others, for they rarely seem to swim alone. And at the worst, one good tench is better than several bream.

The omens justified themselves. During the next hour four more fine tench were taken from the swim, but no single bream. The sun was hidden once more, and the Broad, like some sober Puritan lady of long ago, had thrust away its gay colours and donned a cloak and veil of modest grey. There were now no bubbles near the cork, and it seemed as though all the fish had retired into the reeds.

In Norfolk waters they appear to regulate their appetites by the capricious sunshine. Three moorhens were disporting themselves boldly quite near to the boat, and a sooty coot appeared to find the world a goodly place. Barbara was inclined to agree with him, despite the sombre sky, the cares of leadership and the quietness of the sport. The Broad was looking very stern and big. It *is* big, there is no doubt about it, as Dicky would be the first to affirm, almost with tears. He left a pleasure wherry one night for a lonely row in the dinghy upon the Broad, jeering at the warnings of his friends and boastfully confident in his local knowledge and in what he called "quite a Red Indian instinct for finding his way about."

He may have possessed that instinct as a rule, but certainly that night it failed him badly. His friends upon the wherry waited for his return, but—he did not come back. There was still no sign of him when, rather callously, they retired to rest at last. . . . And soon after dawn they were awakened by a weary, dishevelled youth who had found his way slowly back at last through the growing light. It was Dicky, as near to humiliation as Dicky could ever be! He had lost touch with the posts in the darkness, then he had grown confused, and then—he had spent the rest of the livelong night

sculling round the Broad, searching doggedly for the entrance to the staithe. And to this day he will tell you quite violently that the Broad is an infernally big place! Also, as Sam proved that very morning, he can still be moved to wrath by a reminder of the incident.

It was after lunch that they secured their first bream. They did not know that it *was* a bream, at first. Indeed, Dicky gave it unhesitatingly and with fine authority as a small roach. Certainly it bit like one. But subsequently it fought quite gamely, in defiance of the usual theories as to the habits of bream, and it was well over two pounds, and Sam, who had been rudely roused from his sketch-book to strike, spoke with some complacency of the skill of its capture.

Their bag was destined to be varied that day. Soon after four o'clock Barbara looked casually up after a period of dreamy relaxation, and discovered—that there were only two floats visible! She was about to reprove either Dicky or Sam for his reprehensible slackness, when a twofold howl warned her that she alone was blameworthy, since the missing float was hers. Whereupon she struck with some violence. . . . And, the gods being in an indulgent mood, it appeared that she was not too late. She was into something really heavy that at first declined to show itself at all. There were three theories in the boat as to the species of the quarry. Barbara insisted that it was a giant tench, Dicky was disposed to hold that it was a foul-hooked jack, while Sam was insultingly inclined to the theory that Barbara had hooked a stump. But they were all in error. Suddenly the tension relaxed, and something showed itself upon the surface that looked for a moment to their startled eyes like a miniature sea-serpent! But it was only an eel, the largest that even Dicky had ever seen taken on a rod.

It was Barbara's first experience of a really large eel fighting whole-heartedly for life and freedom. Several times during the yelling and sanguinary conflict that ensued it occurred to her that only a miracle could prevent an upset of the boat. But they got that eel aboard and murdered it (no other phrase is suitable) at last, and the struggle cost them one pocket-knife and one line and hook, in addition to two suits of clothes and one tweed dress practically ruined. There are no half measures about a desperate and excited eel. It had seemed more than probable that it would regain the water, taking its captors with it. It was an expensive capture, but it is only fair to say that subsequently that eel ate exceedingly well. No bitterness was borne against it for the havoc that it had wrought.

When at last they rowed homewards it was through the divine serenity of the golden, endless summer evening. The clouds had cleared away, the long, slanting shadows were quivering upon the gently-rippled water, and the western sky was like a vast opal with its tender shades of pink and green and blue. And the long green reeds were murmuring old drowsy stories of far-off vanished years.

Jack Weyland was at the staithe when they landed, and he greeted them with just a trace of patronage. "Have you had any luck?" he asked, kindly. "By the way, did I tell you about our catch the other day?"

"Did you tell us?" Dicky answered, with quite a fine piece of acting representing one wearied even to nausea. "Man, our only fear and dread is lest you should start telling us about it again. . . . Do you see this sack?"

And he held up a receptacle. Jack Weyland, a little chagrined, signified rather shortly that he did see it.

"Well, inside it is a catch that is going to make yours look silly! Tench, man, good tench—to say nothing of bream and—er—other varieties! Come along to the scales in the pub!"

The weighing was conducted with solemn ceremony, only marred by Jack's flippancy when he caught sight of the grisly corpse of the eel. "I didn't know you had been out after conger!" he remarked, but everyone very properly ignored him. Sam and Dicky did not restrain a yell of triumph when the total weight was seen to be twenty-two pounds.

Only Barbara retained her dignity. "Exactly one pound more than you, Mr. Weyland," she remarked, composedly. "We might have caught more, perhaps, but we didn't want to rub it in, you know!"

EVENING.

Darkling upon the woods
Shadowy and grey,
What pale spirit broods
And dreams, when day
Lays all her out-worn moods,
Like a cloak, away?

Hope, passion, happiness,
Melt into one
Soft harmony of peace;
A web soft-spun,
Which must dissolve and cease
With to-morrow's sun.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE ROMANCE AND RARIORA OF THE STILL.

THE authentic history of the art and mystery of distilling in this country begins in the sixteenth century, when it was closely associated with the study of philosophy, the practice of medicine and the researches of the alchemists. Folios entitled "The Vertuose book of

the distyllaeyore of all man of waters," by Jerome of Brunswick, bear the dates 1525, 1527 and 1529. Thirty years later, one Peter Morwyng produced an English version of Conrad Gesner's "Treasure of Euanymus, conteynynge the wonderful hid secretes of nature, touching the most apte forms to prepare and destyl medicines"; but it is to the barber-surgeon George Baker that we owe the translation into our language of the same author's "Newe Jewell of Health, wherein is contained the most excellent Secretes of Phisicke and Philosophie divided into

THE NEW JEWELL OF HEALTH, wherein is contained the most excellent Secretes of Phisicke and Philosophie, divided into fower Bookes. In the which are the best approved remedies for the diseases as well inward as outward, of all the parts of mans bodie: treating very amplye of all Dystillations of Waters, of Oyles, Balmes, Quintessences, with the extraction of artificiall Saltes, the use and preparation of Antimonie, and potable Gold. Gathered out of the best and most approved Authors, by that excellent Doctor Gesnerus. Also the Pictures, and manner to make the Vessells, Furnaces, and other Instruments thereunto belonging. Faithfully corrected and published in Englishe, by George Baker, Chirurgian.



Printed at London, by Henrie Denham. 1576.

THE NEW JEWELL OF HEALTH, 1576.

fower books, in the which are the best approved remedies for the diseases as well inward as outward, of all the parts of man's bodie; treating very amplye of all Dystillations of Waters, of Oyles, Balmes, Quintessences, with the extraction of artificial Saltes, the use and preparation of Antimonie, and potable Gold. Also the Pictures, and manner to make the Vessels, Furnaces and other Instruments thereunto belonging." This small quarto volume of 259 pages was printed in black letter "at London by Henrie Denham" in 1576, just twelve years before the Spanish Armada threatened the safety of this country,

and is embellished from end to end with about one hundred illustrations, showing every conceivable variety of still and crucible, as well as different phases of distilling in the days when its chief object was thought to be the making of nostrums, the discovery of the water of life and the transmutation of metals.

The industrious and ingenious Baker was a member of the Barber-Surgeons Company, and he dedicated his work, which is an excellent specimen of Elizabethan typography, to the "Right Honourable, Vertuous and singular good Lady the noble Countesse of Oxford," whose arms, together with the punning motto of the Veres, *Vero nihil Verius*, are engraved at the back of the quaint frontispiece now reproduced, which is supposed to portray a female figure representing Alchemy surrounded by stills, retorts, crucibles and other instruments used by

TRAITE' DE L'EAV DE VIE OV ANATOMIE THEORIQUE ET PRATIQUE DV VIN. DIVISE' EN TROIS LIVRES.

Composez autrefois par feu M^r I. BROUANT MEDECIN.

Dedié à M^{te} DE LA CHAMBRE, Conseiller & Medecin du Roy, & Ordinaire de Monseigneur le CHANCELIER.



A PARIS,

Chez IACQUES DE SENLECOYE, en l'Hostel de Bauieres, proche la porte de saint Marcel;

ou AV PALAIS,

Chez JEAN HENAVIL, dans la salle Dauphine à l'Ange Gardien.

M. DC. XLVI.

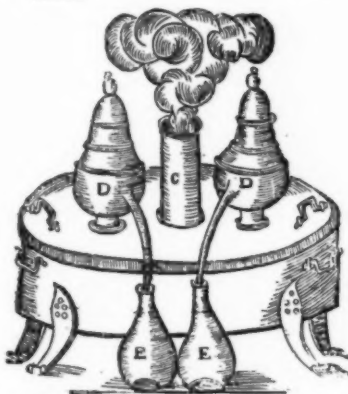
AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

BROUANT'S TREATISE ON BRANDY MAKING, 1647.

distillers. Baker was evidently a keen humorist as well as a popular physician, for there is a good deal of amusement to be derived from the perusal of his pompous dedication, as well as from the introductory address to the reader, in which he puts forth a number of excuses for using the "vulgar tongue," and concludes by declaring that "as for those find-faulters, which will doe nothing themselves, I wey them not, for I had rather be serviceable to my Countrie, than to please some particular persons, as the Lord doth knowe, who rules and guydes us all in the right way. Amen. From my house in

22 *of the Art of Distillation.* Book I. wooden vessell, which thou must then see in some warm place near the fire side for the space of a week, then distill them in a hot Still, or Alembick.

The Furnace for a Balneum Mariæ with the Alembick and their receivers.



A, Shows the best Kettle full of water.
B, The cover of the Kettle perforated in two places, to give passage for the Vessells.
C, A Pipe or Chimney added to the Kettle, wherein the fire is contained to heat the water.
D, The Alembick consisting of its body and head.
E, The Receiver wherein the distilled liquor runs.

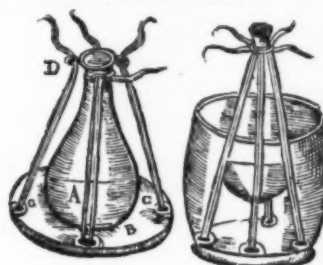
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Book I. *of the Art of Distillation.* 23 The offices of another Baln-Mariæ so easy to be removed at the Furnace.



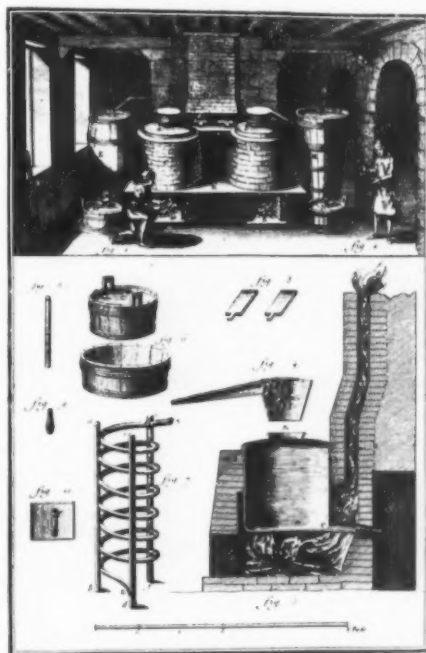
A, Shows the vessell or Copper that contains the water.
B, The Alembick set in water.

But lest the bottom of the Alembick being half full, should float up and down in the water, and so strike against the sides of the Kettle, I have thought good to shew you the way and means to prevent that danger.



A, Shows the vessell or glass Alembick.
B, A plate of lead whereon it stands.
C, Strings that bind the Alembick to the plate.
D, Rings through which the strings are put to fasten the Alembick.

In



Distillateur

APPARATUS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

COGNAC STILL (Brouant's Treatise, 1647).

Bartholomew Lane beside the Royal Exchange in London, this xxi day of Februarye 1576." Conrad Gesner, the learned author of the "New Jewell of Life" and a vast number of



SIR THEODORE MAYERNE (1572-1654).
Founder of the Distillers' Company and Physician to
James I. and Charles I.

and is frequently employed by Dryden. "The first manner (of distilling)," Baker tells us, "is when we distill any liquide substance as flowers in the Sunne by force of his heate. The seconde, when the distillation is done, by force of the heate of fire. The thirde is performed by the heate, which consisteth in putrified and rotten matters."

In dealing with the second process of distillations, we have excellent illustrations of two forms of stills, as in the title-page "cut" already alluded to. The difference between distilling by "Ascension" and by "Discention" is clearly indicated, and the "pot-still" of 1576 is apparently the "pot-still" of 1912. Baker's words are worth quoting: "The other forme and manner of Distilling, which the Chymistes have in usuage, named of Albertus by Discention, is wrought or done in this wyse, a round hole and deepe, must be digged in the earth, after two Pottes prepared, glased within for the onely purpose, the upper Pot, having manye small hoales in the bottome, and that filled wyth the matter or chyppes of the woode to be distilled, which after sette into the mouth of the nether Potte, standing in

the grounde, luting diligently both Pottes wyth a strong lute, made with the whytes of Egges, after the well drying, cover the nether Pot with earth up to the bryncke or edge, or higher if you will. Which done, make an easie fire at the first rounde about the upper Potte with coales, or drie cloven woode, not smoking least with too stronge a heate at the first, you drie up much of the lycour or oyle in the Dystilling, therefore increase the fire by little and little, until the worke be ended. For as soone as the woode or chyppes in the upper Pot shall be heated, the oyle or lycour then beginnith to distill through the little holes into the nether Potte. And by this manner or waye, doe many at this day draw out or distill Oyles of the woode of Juniper and many others." Baker gives us long lists of "balmes" and "oyles" produced by distilling. That of the latter fills four entire pages. He then comes to the "waters," which occupy even more space. We have long since forgotten all about the products of the still once known as the waters of the "Blessed Thistle," the "Pellitozie of the Wall," the "Stocke Gellyflower" and the "Garden Clary." The "Water of the Wylding or Crabbes" is interesting on account of the re-discovery of the long-lost "Royal Wilding" cider apple by Lady Rosalind Northcote and Mr. Whiteway, and the revival in Devonshire of the making of apple wine or brandy. It is not until he reaches the fourth division of his treatise that we arrive at the "water of life (*eau de vie*) to be distilled out of the lyes of wyne," the primitive beginning of a great industry which has survived such mystifications as "Gold potable against the Pestilence prepared after the manner of the Alchemists," "the distylled water called the Lycour of Youth," and "Water-secret of good account which taketh away all spottes and wrinkles, causing a cleare and most comely face."



MR. MARK BEAUFOY.
Founder of the Lambeth Distillery cir. 1750. From a
mezzotint of Valentine Green, after Gainsborough.



TRADE CARD OF A MILANESE
DISTILLER, 1690.



Cir. 1750

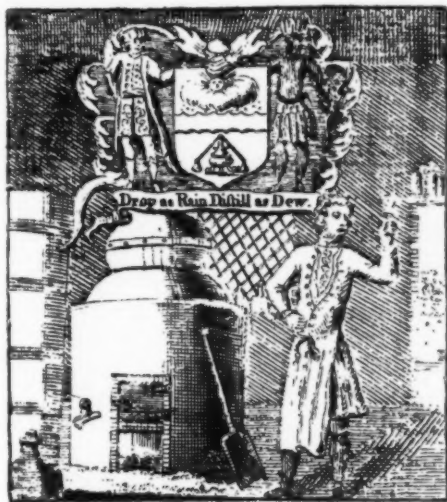
THREE TRADE CARDS.
Cir. 1755.

Cir. 1760.

The term "alcohol" is of purely Arabic origin, but the process of distilling was known both to Aristotle and Pliny, and it was possibly from the Chinese that the Eastern physician and philosopher Abu-ibu-Sina obtained the information which enabled him, during the tenth century, to elaborate the "alembic," and to add the word "alcohol" to the vocabularies of Europe. Distilling is mentioned by Marcus Græcus, who wrote in the twelfth century, and the art was further advanced by Michael Savonarola, who flourished three centuries later. When Louis XII. granted a charter two years before the birth of Conrad Gesner, distillers were spoken of as being at the same time distillers of wine and makers of *eau de vie*. A corporation, consisting exclusively of the manufacturers of "Strong waters," was established in Paris about 1540, but it was not till nearly a century later that the formal statutes of a Guild of Distillers were promulgated. It was at this time—August,

1638—that Charles I. was pleased to grant a charter to the followers of the "Mystery of the Still" in London, who assumed forthwith the elaborate coat of arms with the motto, "Drop as rain Distill as dew." In some cases the Scriptural reference, Deut. xxxii. 2, is added. The armorial bearings of the Distillers figure conspicuously on one or more of the trade cards now given as illustrations. The person who seems to have been primarily instrumental in promoting the movement for the incorporation of the

distillers was Sir Theodore Mayerne, or de Mayerne, physician to the King, and a gentleman who took a great interest in all matters relating to cookery, preserving and similar accomplishments. In a book of curious culinary recipes which he left behind him, the portly and genial Mayerne is explicitly called the Founder of the Distillers' Company, and as such the fine mezzotint portrait, published after his death, is now reproduced. The fine painting from which this print was engraved has just been added to the National Portrait Gallery. Mayerne, in conjunction with the Queen's doctor, Thomas Cademan, busied himself in preparing a code of regulations and bye-laws for the new corporation, and in the following year—1639—the result of the combined endeavours took the form of the volume entitled, "The Distiller of London: Compiled and set forth by the Special Licence & Command of the King's Most Excellent Majesty: for the sole use of the Company of Distillers of London. And by them to be duly observed & practised." In this volume the arms above alluded to are given, with a description of them differing somewhat from later versions. It is necessary to give particulars of them, because it is evidently on account of the sinister figure that they were frequently adopted as signs and otherwise by eighteenth century tobacconists. The coat of the incorporated Distillers is as follows: "Azure; a fesse wavy argent; in chief, the sun in splendour, encircled with a cloud, distilling drops of rain all proper; in base, a distillatory double-armed or, on a fire proper, with two worms and bolt-receivers of the second. Crest; on a wreath, a garb of barley, environed with a vine fructed, both proper. Supporters: The dexter, the figure of a man representing a Russian, habited in the dress of the country, all proper; the sinister, an Indian, vested round the waist with feathers of various colours, wreathed about the temples with feathers, as the last, in his hand a bow, at his back a quiver of arrows, all proper." This last feature in the Distillers' coat seems to show that the belief was prevalent that the "fire-water" of the American Indians was an older form of distilled spirit than either the French *eau de vie* or the Spanish *aguardiente*, or burning water. The wild Indian of the Distillers had an obvious fascination for the sellers of the "best Virginian weed," and they adopted it. Hence such



CAZENEUVE, Best Virginia
CHATHAM

TOBACCONIST'S CARD OF 1760.
Showing arms of the Distillers' Company and a still.

tobacconists' signs as "The Black Boy and Still." The punning device has already been given.

In 1639 the name of Dr. Thomas Cademan appears as Master, with that of Dr. Theodorus de Mayerne as Founder. The three Wardens are Edward Hooker, Foulks Wormeleighton and Ralph Triplett. The Court of Aldermen did not place the Distillers' Company on the roll till 1658, and a new charter was obtained from James II. in 1687. In 1892 the livery only numbered twenty-eight, as compared with one hundred and twenty-seven in 1724. By a precept in the regulations of 1658 it is enjoined that "no Afterworth or Wash (made by Brewers, etc.) called Blew John, nor musty, unsavory or unwholesome Tilts or Dregs of Beer or Ale; nor unwholesome or adulterated wines, or Lees of wine, nor unwholesome sugar-waters, nor rotten, corrupt or unsavory fruits, druggs, spices, herbs or seeds, shall henceforth be distilled, extracted, or drawn

into Small spirits, or Low wines, or be any other way used, by any of the Members of this Company, or their successors at any time hereafter for ever." A fresh impetus must have been given to the distillers' "mystery" by the publication in 1651 of Dr. French's "Art of Distillation" and Glauber's "Description of the Philosophical Furnace." Both these books have numerous illustrations, and two pages of the former work are now reproduced.



A SWISS DISTILLER'S CARD OF ABOUT 1860.
Showing a still.

In 1692, five years after the London Distillers obtained their second charter, two other elaborate works, the "Whole Art of Distilling" and the "Chymicus Rationalis" of Worth, made their appearance.

It is in John French's work that we first get away from the mystical and supernatural. The "Art of Distillation" was published "at the Sign of the Bible in Little Britain without Aldersgate." To this work he added in 1652: "The London Distiller, exactly and truly showing the way (in words at length and not in mysterious characters or figures) to Draw all Sorts of Spirits and Strong Waters to which is added their Vertues." Six years before, a learned Paris doctor, Brouaut by name, had given the world an equally elaborate essay on the same subject, the curious engraved frontispiece of which is also reproduced. The word "brandy," however, as signifying the "water of life," did not come into common use until the first years of the eighteenth century, when the British tavern-keeper began to advertise the liquor which he was importing from Nantes or Rochelle. The term "brandy," derived from the German *Brantwein* (i.e., burnt or distilled wine), was in everyday use during the reign of the first two Georges. It was on Wednesday, April 7th, 1779, that Samuel Johnson made his historical comment as to the superiority of this form of distilled liquid. "He was persuaded," writes Boswell, "to drink one glass of claret that he might judge (of its merits), not from recollection which might be dim, but from immediate sensation. He shook his head and said, 'Poor stuff! No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.'" The story, from a social and every artistic point of view, of the manufacture and sale of the various spirits emanating from the still would fill many volumes. It could only be dealt with cursorily in a series of articles devoted to such topics as taverns, inns, punch shops, songs, Excise enactments, caricatures and so forth. For the moment our concern is solely with the trade cards, which form, as it were, landmarks of the distilling trade during the past three centuries. These quaint rariora of the still are becoming more scarce every year, and the card of Carlo Antonio Mazza, whose distillery is described as being *sotto il coperto dei Figini*, and who adopted the head of his Patron Saint as a sign, is probably one of the oldest in existence. The English card of 1710 is specially valuable as showing in detail the distilling apparatus of Queen Anne's time; while the card

of Mr. Briggs, who sold the best Virginian tobacco at the sign of "The Green Man and Still," over against St. Giles' Church, is remarkable for the reasons already explained. The Indian's head has been adopted as a crest, together with the motto *Ne Quid Nimis*. There is considerable artistic merit in the card of James Tilleard, who, at the sign of "The Black Boy and Still," near Sun Street without Bishopsgate, sold French brandy, rum, arrack, malt and molasses spirits, "with variety of other Distilled Liquors." It is on the elaborate 1755 card of Morton and Bedell of Ludgate Street that we see the armorial shield and supporters of the Distillers' Company in all their glory. These gentlemen apparently made a speciality of Usquebaugh of various colours, and it would be curious to know the exact nature of such cordials as Pied Surfeit Water and White Surfeit Water, Aqua Mirabilis, the Quintessence of Burgundy Honey, Spirit of Tansey and French Perceco.

There is an excellent view of a still and distiller in the delightful card of Mr. Bone from Dublin, who resided near St. George's Church, Southwark, and announces that he has on sale a large quantity of "fine genuine green and saffron coloured Usquebaugh, as well as Citron Water, Ratafia and several other cordials." The four bottles shown in the design bear labels lettered respectively "Citron Water," "Usquebaugh," "Ratafia" and "Fine Cordial."

In the tobacco card of Cazeneuve of Chatham we have another still and distiller with a distinct variation of the Distillers' arms. In that of Dawes of Snow Hill we have a still, but no armorial shield. The two absinthe-makers' cards speak for themselves. They have been selected out of a series of French distillers' tickets and labels numbering several hundreds, on account of their showing illustrations of stills. The labels used by distillers are almost as interesting as their cards. Napoleon I., Nelson and Wellington, as well as Napoleon III., all in turn did duty in this connection. A. M. BROADLEY.

AN IRISH HAVANA.

THAT there is some magic in the soils of Kentucky and Havana for the growth of tobacco, and that a tropical climate is essential and a hot sun for drying the leaves, seem the popular impressions. How many of us understand that it can be widely grown over the British Isles, almost anywhere in Ireland, of a first-rate



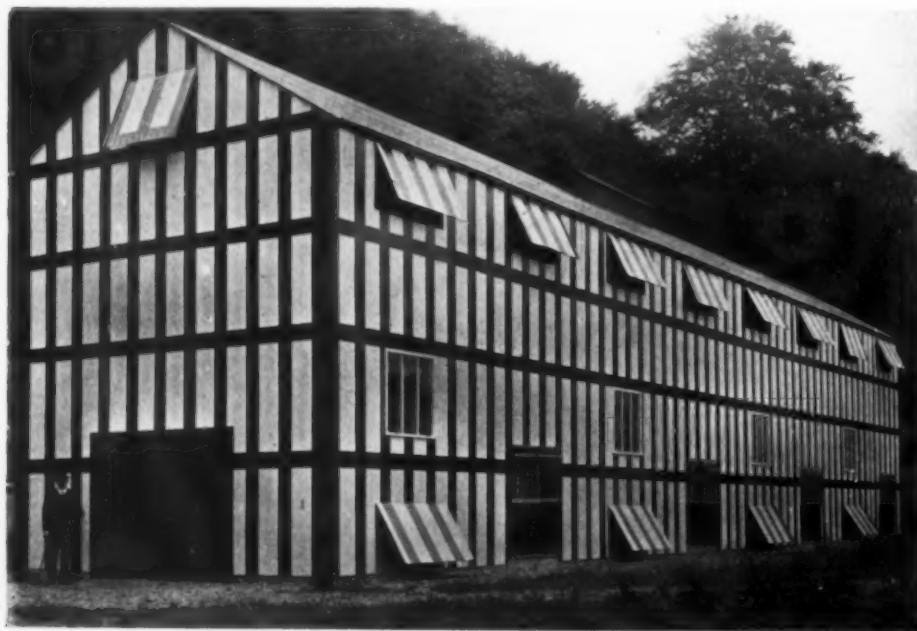
IN THE TOBACCO FIELD.

quality, and under conditions which make it look like a solution of the small-holder problem? Go down to the beautiful estate of Sir Nugent Everard, Bart., near Navan in County Meath, and you will speedily become convinced that here at last is an agricultural industry in which we can profitably take a prominent part, that will help to check emigration, to decrease our imports and increase our exports.

"Tobacco-growing? An expensive hobby for a rich man, an eccentric pastime, a commercial impossibility outside a few tropical countries specially favoured by Nature," says someone; "tobacco grown anywhere else is unsaleable and unsmokeable!" Rest assured that home-grown tobacco has passed out of the region of theory and bunkum and become a practical proposition. Smoke it and you will want to smoke it again. See it harvested and you will understand that the average peasant boy or girl can acquire enough skill to supply most of the labour. Here at Randlestown and its neighbourhood in County Meath we have seventy acres under cultivation, and in the whole of Ireland only one hundred and eighty. But Ireland has twenty million acres of arable land, of which about five millions are thoroughly suited for this purpose. The labour can be employed on the most economical lines. Planting out the tobacco from under glass takes place after the turnips are sown and before the first crop meadows are cut; during this period there is a hiatus in the farming year. Hoeing and disbudbing are done at any odd time during the summer. The tobacco is harvested after the corn harvest is over, and then the staff can be kept at work on the subsequent operations for practically the whole

winter. This spring, for instance, last year's crop was only finished with by April 2nd, and work was begun on the new crop on March 1st. The only drawback to this patriotic industry financially appears to be its small dimensions. Expansion is what it needs, but immediate expansion on a very large scale would be impossible, for there are not six men in the whole country of sufficient experience to manage plantations—all taught by Sir Nugent Everard. In the States "rehandling" the tobacco is an intermediate trade of its own and many millions of capital are invested in it; here at Randlestown it is done on the same plantation as the growing. ("Rehandling" or "curing" is the treatment of the leaf after it is taken from the farmer "rough dried" and before it is handed on to the manufacturer.)

From the sowing to the sale as a finished article the process of curing is as follows. The tobacco is sown and grown under glass in frames until the frosts are over, the principal variety grown here coming originally from Turkey and being given the name of "Turcirish." It is then—say, in



TOBACCO-CURING BARN AT RANDLESTOWN.

May—planted out. No farmyard manure need be used, but considerable quantities of artificial manure are necessary to insure rapid growth. Cultivation here is intensive, as distinguished from the States, where new land is being constantly taken up.

The crop is harvested in September. The leaves are hung in a barn to "cure," which takes about six weeks. They are then in the condition known as "rough dried" or "in soft order." The next process is the "rehandling." In the States there is more profit in this than in the actual growing. Over there, owing to the dryness of the climate, the barns must be kept sufficiently "tight" to hold the moisture in the leaf. These barns as built in America would be a heavy item of expense in such a small industry as that in Ireland, and on account of the moist atmosphere the tobacco was found to be liable to various bacterial diseases. This can of course be avoided by providing suitable ventilation, but it is now found that canvas forms a better and safer wall for the barn, except in exposed situations, as it leaves free access to the air at all times. The liability to the formation of a growth of mould is avoided by lighting log fires at intervals, the smoke from which kills the spores of the mould. In Ireland the same result can be obtained by turf fires, which is most important economically, the supply of turf being so large. The smoke from these fires also gives the slight creosotic flavour to which the public is accustomed.

As bought from the farmer "in soft order" the leaf contains about 40 per cent. of moisture. In "rehandling" this must be reduced to 12 per cent. It is then hung in steam-heated rooms until the moisture is reduced to 7 per cent. : in

one receives the hospitality of the blue-blooded Irish gentleman—and that is the most charming hospitality in the world. One of the many difficulties here to the tobacco-planter is that all the processes have to be combined under one single management. Sir Nugent Everard has also been greatly hampered by the stringency of the Excise regulations, and is therefore at a considerable disadvantage to foreign planters, who grow the leaf without restriction, while the duty is collected by means of stamps on the finished article representing the amount of the Excise duty. Owing to the slowness of manufacturers in taking up this new tobacco, Sir Nugent has had actually to start a factory and create a demand for it himself. He has now given fifteen years to learning this industry and teaching others, and deserves, if anyone has deserved, the gratitude of those for whom he has provided employment and a triumphant success.

HILL ROWAN.

MODERN MOSCOW.

IN a review of a recent illustrated work on Russia Mr. Baring called upon the author to abandon the use of the camera and take up the pencil—even if he had no gift to draw. He held that even a "post-impression" was better than a photograph. Here in *Moscow*, painted by De Haenen and described by Grove (A. and C. Black), we have an example of the alternative method. This book contains thirty-two illustrations, sixteen of which are plain and the remainder coloured, and there are no photographs, though the work has the appearance of having been drawn from photographs and painted from picture post-cards rather than from life.

F. de Haenen's work only shows what a charming book might be made by a delicate artist who knew like Yoshio Markino how to fix the passing expression of the face of the student-girl at the restaurant, of the young dandy at the regimental ball, of the frozen cabman who can sit stock-still for hours in fifty degrees of frost waiting for a fare, of the bloated priest wearing at once ten mantles of brocade, of the baba haggling at the fare, or the pious peasant girls kissing the ikons in the temple. Thus in *Moscow* paintings are given of the beggars warming themselves at the strange bonfires lit in the city streets at midnight, and there is a picture of a fire brigade in full race over the snow to a fire, each fireman carrying a torch in his hand, the horses all going like the wind. There is a picture of a funeral procession, the coffin being carried open through the streets, and there is a sketch of poor people at an open-air restaurant at Sukareva. In another drawing we see soldiers dancing in a barrack yard and in another a workman eating a raw herring which he has just purchased from a peasant girl with a herring barrel.

Unfortunately only eight pictures fall into this category, and the remainder are views of buildings or studies that remind one of the many picture post-cards made in Germany and sold in Russia. The painter's chief gift seems to lie in colour blending, and many of the views of the Kremlin are attractive pictures. Almost all the coloured views show Moscow under snow. No notion of Moscow dirt is given and all the people shown are marvellously clean and spruce. The man who is going to paint Moscow truly must not be afraid of dirt.

The book takes its stand on the pictures, and the letterpress is rather undistinguished matter. Mr. Grove has no gift of the pen. He is just a matter-of-fact, prosaic Englishman who knows a good deal about Moscow, and he

has jotted down what he knows without art. The matter is greatly inferior to that of the volume on Moscow in Dent's "Mediaeval Cities Series." But if the reader has patience he will find a great many interesting facts in Mr. Grove's account. He is the British Consul at Moscow, and though he writes the volume unofficially, there are many sidelights on official life. Thus he writes of "tipping" in Moscow: "It is an awful country for tips, you tip for everything." At levées the hall-porter takes as much as forty or fifty pounds a time in tips. "I have known my own servant to have taken well over a pound in tips when a few friends came round."

Then, speaking also as an ex-officer, Mr. Grove has much to say about the Russian soldier. In his opinion, there is little love of fighting in the Russian character. Thus he writes, "In Russia I have never seen a man fighting drunk. Drunkards I have seen by the thousands, but they have almost always been most affable. Their inclination was not to go for you, but rather to embrace you, or fall on your neck and weep." The Consul has much to say of the charming ways of the Russian officer. "We must all agree," says he, "that they are very good fellows." He could hardly say the truth, that most of them are ruthless, treacherous and wily. There are interesting notes on Russian social life, the theatre, the opera, the music-hall, a certain amount of history and gossip, some weighty remarks on the absurdity of Russia taking India, an account of life in a country house outside Moscow and a good deal of general information. The author has no liberal tendency, and he speaks in a very friendly spirit of the Church and the Czarism. It is a book to look through before going to Moscow. F. de Haenen has already sketched St. Petersburg in the same series, and, no doubt, goes on to another Russian town, perhaps to Nijni with its famous fair. Let us hope for double as many pictures, especially many of the peasants exhibited in some characteristic act. We want pictures in which one sees not only a scene, but all Russia, all that Russia means. Then, as regards letterpress, something stronger is required. The pencil is the gentle helpmate of the pen, more delicate and intuitive, less original and authoritative. Drawing is much more effective and convincing when that which it interprets and refines is trenchant and virile.

S. G.

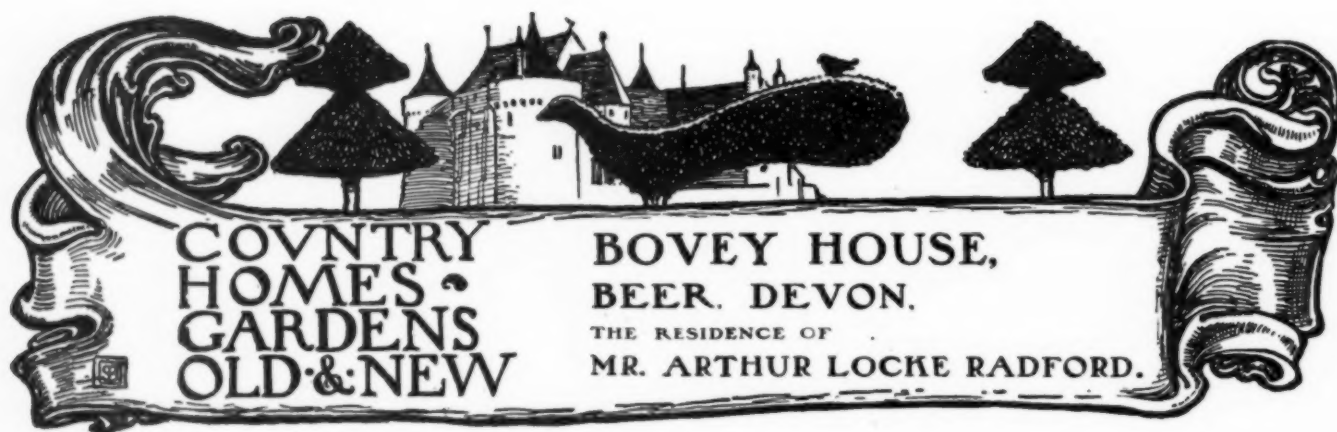


A PORTABLE CURING BARN WITH THE TOBACCO HANGING IN IT.

this condition it is as brittle as glass and must be handled with care. It is then placed in a steam chamber and softened by steam until it contains 12 per cent. of moisture, then squeezed by machinery into a compressed condition in hogs-heads, and afterwards left in a heated room to sweat for about a month. It is from here removed to the custom-house, from which it can be withdrawn on paying the duty of 3s. 6d. in the pound.

Tobacco-growing looks as if it were peculiarly suited to the small holder, and just at present the small holder wants every encouragement he can get. The only initial expense to the farmer—who only grows the leaf and does no "rehandling"—is about £30 an acre for a barn, garden frames and sticks. Tobacco can be grown, if not anywhere, at all events over a large part of these islands, and it can be grown where nothing else will flourish. A rich soil is not necessary, and heavy manuring is liable to make the leaf rank. The small holder can grow a crop, if it suits him, year after year on the same ground. In practice it is found that the best crop for it to follow is a root crop, and I had ocular demonstration on one plantation that the tobacco can be followed by an admirable crop of wheat.

Such is the industry which has been created here with such patriotic zeal. I say nothing of the beauty of this estate, which displays to the visitor the most artistic effects possible in landscape gardening; or of the farm containing one of the largest herds of Hereford cattle in the United Kingdom; or of the imposing and historic residence, owned by a family whose traditions reach back to beyond the Norman Conquest, where



BOVEY HOUSE stands at the head of two valleys near Seaton which run inland from the sea at Branscombe and Beer. There is no written evidence of its building, but the fabric helps us to piece out the story. Bovey is part of the manor of Beer, but the main part of the manor was held by Sherborne Abbey until the Dissolution, when it became part of Queen Catherine Parr's jointure. Her monogram appears in the windows of Bovey House by way of courtesy, for it never belonged to her. Before 1630, however, the Beer manor had passed through other hands by purchase to the Walronds, who thus re-united it with Bovey. The earliest account of "Bovey within the manor of Beer" was given by Sir William Pole in his *Collections*. He relates that it was granted by the Abbot of Sherborne in Henry II.'s time to Wydo de Aggevell. In 1270, Alan Dagvill married Amisia, a sister of John Walrond of Bradfield, and on her death Bovey passed into Walrond possession. For many generations after this the estate was granted by the Walronds of Bradfield to

younger sons, until Edward IV.'s reign, when it became definitely the property of William Walrond and his heirs. Although some of the walls encase fragments of earlier building, there must have been a drastic remodelling in the first half of the sixteenth century, done possibly by William Walrond. Above the seventeenth century ceiling of the hall, and at its south end, there is a Gothic ceiling of heavy moulded beams, which seems to date from his day. The very fine lead rain-water head at the north front (of which an illustration is given) is more explicit. It is one of the very few dated examples of the sixteenth century which remain, and looks gay in the coat of blue and gold with which it has lately been tricked out, after a traditional fashion. In 1592 was born Edmund Walrond, a barrister of the Inner Temple. Perhaps his father, John Walrond, made some alterations in honour of the birth, though he had already five children. In any case, the delightful gables of the south front may well have been built at this time.





Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The fascinating coffered ceiling in one of the bedrooms is not only a notable example of seventeenth century plaster-work, but brings us into touch with the greatest romance of Charles II.'s life. Mr. A. M. Broadley in *The Royal Miracle* gathered together a notable collection of tracts, broadsides, etc., concerning the wanderings of the King after the Battle of Worcester in 1651. He seems, however, to have missed the decorative monument of "The Royal Oak" on the Bovey ceiling. In the deeply sunk central panel is a tall oak tree softly modelled, and framed in its branches is the face of the fugitive King. On the broad oval band which surrounds the panel are six types of trees, very naively modelled, and little mounted figures which represent Cromwell's pursuing soldiers. The handling of the subject is delightful in its simplicity, and shows how persistent were the early traditions of the plasterer's craft. The King was very near Bovey House on September 22nd, 1651. It was over a fortnight earlier that he had spent the night in the oak at Boscobel, which is some distance north of Worcester. The intervening time was occupied by a desperate journey



Copyright.

AN EARLY PIPEHEAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

through Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire and Somerset to Charmouth, which comes almost at the boundary of Devon and Dorset. Into Devon itself the King seems not to have gone, and it was only by the successful plans made by his friends that he escaped recognition at Charmouth. It would be pleasant to think that the Walronds had a hand in these doings, but the records which Mr. Broadley sets out are silent. It is at least sure that the owner of Bovey House would have been ready to help. Colonel Edmund Walrond, born in 1628, had suffered for the Royalist cause. Erle, his neighbour at Stedcombe, was on the Parliament side, and attacked Colcombe Castle at Colyton, the next parish to Beer. The Royalists under Prince Maurice, when retiring westwards from the siege of Lyme Regis, retaliated by burning Stedcombe and other houses to prevent their being held by the Parliament men, and it is probable that Bovey House was then the scene of sharp fighting and of burning. It is at least certain that considerable rebuilding was done soon after the Restoration. The kitchen chimney bears the date 1663, and there is the ceiling



"COUNTRY LIFE"

THE SOUTH SIDE.

Copyright.



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KING CHARLES IN THE BOSCOBEL OAK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

illustrating "The Royal Oak," which is obviously of the same date. One half of the hall ceiling may be contemporary, but considerable alterations, including the panelling of the

the eighteenth century, and gives this account of it: "I was pleased with the venerable appearance of the house and every object around it.



Copyright.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

room and the plaster-work of the other half of the ceiling, belong to 1719. This date and the arms of Elizabeth Drake of Ashe, wife of William Walrond, the grandson of Colonel Edmund, appear over the entrance, as is shown by our second picture. At the same time was built a southern addition, which contains a staircase of early eighteenth century type. As a result of these alterations the plan of Bovey House is not typical and is, therefore, not reproduced. At the end of the eighteenth century the Bovey branch of the Walronds was absorbed into the Rolle family by the marriage of Judith Walrond, the heiress of the property, to John Rolle, afterwards created Baron Rolle. From him Bovey went to the late Hon. Mark Rolle, with whose estates it passed to the present owner, Lord Clinton.

Polwhele, the Devonshire antiquary, visited Bovey House at the end of the eighteenth century, and gives this account of it: "I was pleased with the venerable appearance of the house and every object around it. It was then the residence of Mrs. Walrond. There was something unusually striking in the antique mansion, the old rookery behind it, the mossy paving of the court, the raven in the porch grey with years, and even the domestics hoary in service.

They were all grown old together." This Mrs. Walrond must have been the widow of the last William Walrond, and she died in 1786. After this Bovey was long uninhabited, and some of the windows were built up. Diligent reports were spread that not only the house, but also the lane leading down to the village of Beer, was haunted. This was probably a ruse of the very active smugglers of the neighbourhood to frighten people away from the house, which served them as a convenient store. Even as late as the sixties of last century, the Revenue continued to be cheated. Old men are alive who can tell of those days, and of the exploits of Jack Rattenbury of Beer, the last of the smugglers. In 1868 Bovey House was rescued from neglect. Unfortunately, it was re-roofed with slate, and the walls were somewhat cut down. The workmen employed came upon some interesting relics. In the roof was found a hiding-place which contained a dilapidated chair of Charles I.'s time, a rusty sword, a pistol and an old bottle of the same date, and a cassock which fell to pieces when it was touched. On



Copyright.

THE HALL.

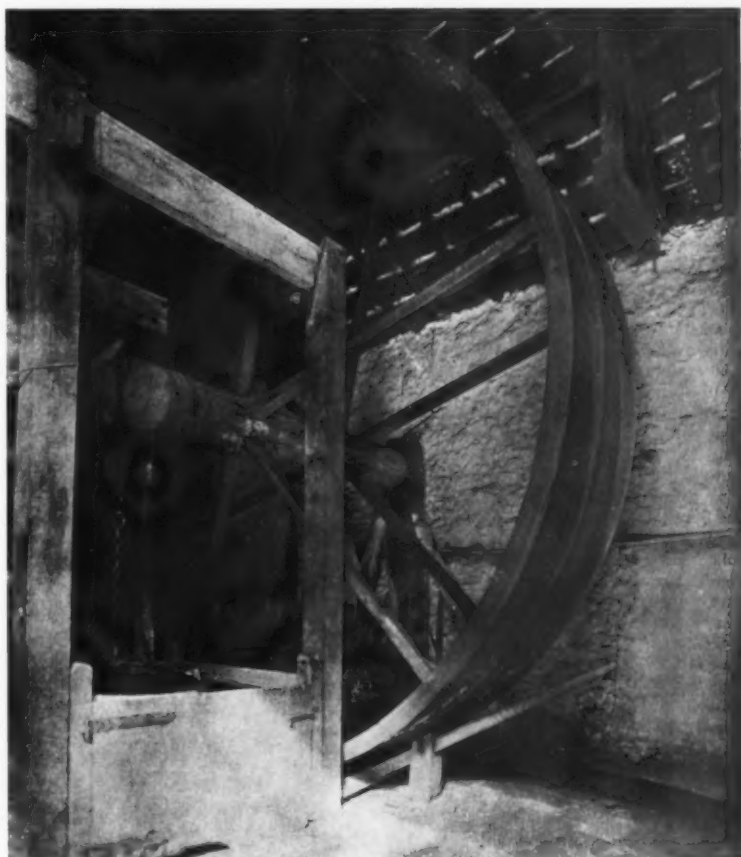
"COUNTRY LIFE."

the wall of this little room was rudely carved a winged cherub's head, now at Bicton. It may have been that a priest in hiding had whiled away his idle hours by working at it. An interesting old well wheel of treadmill type remains in one of the outbuildings. In the wall of the well itself there is a space which has been described as a hiding-place. A more prosaic use, however, gives a more likely explanation. The recess was probably provided for the use of a workman repairing the well walls at those moments when his head might otherwise have suffered damage from a descending bucket. The advent of so enthusiastic an antiquary as Mr. Arthur Radford has done something to rehabilitate the old place. His notable collection of ancient stained glass jewels the Elizabethan windows, and fine furniture fills the old panelled rooms. Though but few scattered trees remain of the old avenue of approach, the forms of rampant leopards supporting shields on the pillars of the gateway still testify to the Walrond ownership of many centuries, and the strange gloom of desolation which a writer noted twenty-five years ago has given place to an air of well-being.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

IN ABOR JUNGLES.

EVENTS on the North-East Frontier of India, having fermented in an ominous way for several years past, culminated explosively in the Abor and other expeditions of 1911, vividly described by Mr. Angus Hamilton in *In Abor Jungles* (Eveleigh Nash). The writer outlines the history of our Frontier relations so ably that the reader has no difficulty in grasping the recurring friction which was destined to end sooner or later in tragedy; and while the Abor Expedition was the direct outcome of the murder of Mr. Williamson and Dr. Gregorson, it was only part of a general scheme for readjusting our relations in a region where matters had already been permitted to drift too long. Thus in outlining the trend of events prior to Mr. Williamson's fatal journey, Mr. Hamilton brings us into touch with the wider sphere of International relations, and shows how, with the rise of Western China after the British Expedition to Lhasa, the vortex of Indian Frontier politics shifted from the North-West to the North East.



Copyright.

THE WELL WHEEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

we thus get interesting side-lights on the Naga coolies of the transport columns, on the life and habits of the Abor, on the selection and equipment of the force, and so on, not forgetting a rather rabid eulogism on the leaders of the expedition. The author has a sound journalistic style which is only occasionally marred by such banal phrases as a "riot of vegetation"; he breathes into his work the atmosphere of the Frontier camp, and a pretty wit helps him over the more delicate ground of tribal peculiarities, at which even the most prudish will scarcely take offence. A robust patriotism sustains the story throughout, and his account of the mission of the Damro Gams is a fine piece of writing. But chief interest centres in a new version of the disaster to Mr. Williamson, given by the Abors themselves.

To anyone who has moved among Asiatics at all there was always something a little unsatisfactory in the generally accepted theory that Mr. Williamson met his death simply because he was in Aborland. The unfortunate officer knew the Abors; he was a discreet and brave man, and unless one is so lacking in imagination as to believe that because an Asiatic has a yellow or a brown skin he must necessarily wish to kill anyone who has a white skin, it seemed

well and thrust home to the Briton a stirring incident of Frontier life; we almost collapse therefore when he naively tells us at the end that, by Government orders, he was not permitted to accompany the field force.

Excellent photographs give an idea of the nature of the campaign, country and people, though no photograph, perhaps, can do justice to the jungle. The map, too, makes clear to anyone accustomed to read maps the most extraordinary feature of the region, namely, the vast volume of water drained from it; and shows the huge unexplored region in this corner of Asia. F. K. W.

FISHING IN ROUMANIA.

FROM the commencement of the present season we had spent many weeks on the banks of a celebrated Irish salmon river, trying in vain to get a spell of fine weather in which the river might be clear enough for



A GOOD TROUT STREAM.

incredible that there was not something in the background. The Abors may be treacherous, or they may not; but the number of savage races who kill strangers simply for the sake of killing them is strictly limited, and it is dangerous to dogmatise without absolute proof. Circumstantial evidence is not good enough, and absurd mistakes have been made from time to time, as, for example, in the case of the Caribs, who were long believed to be cannibals on the strength of their eating monkeys, and a similar fallacy with regard to the Aborigines of New Guinea has only recently been exploded.

Mr. Hamilton, however, supplies us with the missing evidence, and the story of boastful messengers flourishing the mystic letters before the Abors, who carry on communications by means of portentous symbols, bears on its face the stamp of truth. A vivid idea of the difficulties of the campaign is presented to us, and one quickly realises that in expeditionary work through such a country transport increases in geometrical progression with every addition to the force; those responsible for keeping open the line of communications and supplying the columns stand out from a band of giants.

The British public have never been sympathetic over the Abor Expedition because it was not, from their point of view, sufficiently spectacular; accordingly we hear it described on all hands as a ghastly failure. Majorities, we know, are generally wrong, but for the public to say that the Abor Field Force accomplished nothing is peculiarly insular. Road-cutting through bamboo jungle at the rate of a mile a day, road-blasting on the face of a sheer cliff overhanging a river at the rate of two miles in three days, under the lash of continual rain, and in the face of every natural obstacle to punish and bring to terms an elusive jungle tribe—is this to accomplish nothing? Mr. Hamilton has told his story

fly-fishing. Next, returning to our own river in England, we were treated to a spell of continued drought, and in desperation returned once more to Ireland, only to find the river there of crystal clearness, with fish leaping in the pools



WORM-FISHING FROM RAFTS.

and disdaining all kinds of lures. A few more weeks of these conditions having reduced us to a state of frenzy, and piteous reports of bad sport coming from Scotland, we decided to move as far as possible from the British Isles in quest of sport. At this critical period an opportune invitation arrived, bidding us to visit one of the finest private estates in Roumania. All the information which could be given was to the effect that there were fish of various kinds and sizes in the numerous rivers and lakes; but little or nothing was known of how to catch them with any form of rod and line other than a primitive mode of worm-fishing. And this because the peasants of Roumania only fish for the pot, while the upper classes have not yet seriously considered the gentle art of angling as a sport. Naturally, we availed ourselves of the invitation.

It was mid-June when, after three and a-half days spent in crossing the heart of Central Europe, and passing through various familiar spots which recalled to the writer's memory many pleasant hours formerly spent there with rifle, rod or gun, our destination was reached. Here, far up amid the pine and beech forests, in the mountains of Northern Moldavia, were situated the vast estates of our host. A fine château commanded on either side superb views across many miles of surrounding country. In one direction the eye roamed far over lofty mountain-tops, all densely clad with timber, to a point where the setting sun disappeared behind the highest peak, which marked the frontiers of Hungary and Roumania; while yet another view looked out across a smiling valley through which a splendid river ran, flowing onwards to the



ON THE TIMBER TRAIN.

gigantic were these local May-flies that the largest imitation dry-flies in our possession, as used in England, were scarcely half the size of the natural fly. Having selected the largest at our disposal, we turned our attention to try to convince the natives that there was some method in our madness; and observing a patient keeper, who had been fishing in vain for some time with a worm while several trout rose persistently beneath the rock on which he stood, our fly was gently placed a few inches above a rising fish. The pitying smile on that keeper's face soon changed to a look of astonishment when, almost before he could realise what had happened, the trout had risen, been hooked and was in the landing-net. On a second attempt, when the same performance was repeated, the keeper, in American parlance, began to "sit up and take notice." At

the third attempt he could no longer contain himself, but, throwing down his stick and line, he crossed the rocks to see what kind of weird worm we were hurling on top of the water which seemed so irresistibly alluring to the trout. We showed him the strange device, and, chiefly because we could not speak each other's language, not much was said; but there is no doubt the keepers on that stream did a lot of hard thinking that evening, and somewhat changed their views on fishing methods. Proof of this was forthcoming, for when next we visited the same river my companion's gillie produced, with much pride, a fly of his own construction, which was wonderfully and fearfully made with feathers from a domestic fowl tied to a worm-hook. The result of our first day's fishing yielded some forty odd trout caught on the fly-rods and about twenty by the worm-anglers. And from this moment we may date the birth of a new mode of fishing which may become fashionable in future throughout that part of wildest Roumania.



AN INTERESTED CROWD OF PEASANTS.

fertile plains, and then, for many miles, through broad acres of waving wheat or verdant maize until it joined the mighty Danube far below. In countless valleys amidst the hills, where still for miles the giants of a virgin forest stand, babbling streams come foaming over their rock-strewn courses. At intervals, where small cascades have cut deep pools, or slow and placid reaches flow, here lie those spotted beauties, the mountain trout.

Our first expedition was along the banks of such a mountain stream where trout are plentiful. It was amusing to observe the slightly supercilious look on the faces of certain river-keepers and foresters who, armed with sticks and worm-lines, proceeded to fish while watching our efforts to commence operations with a flimsy split-cane rod and the finest of dry-fly casts. For had we not already observed a good hatch of enormous May-flies, which were even then dancing and falling on the water, while those hungry brook trout were rising and leaping in all directions, making the most of their golden opportunity? So

Our next expedition was to a big lake situated far up in the mountains, and here we were accompanied by a party of ladies, since the lake was a Paradise for worm-anglers, and the monster trout in its depths were known to reach a weight of fully ten pounds. The journey to the hills was both novel and amusing, the first part being accomplished in motor-cars and the last portion on a timber train, over a line constructed to convey logs down from the mountains to a mill below. Our departure from the sawmill was watched by an interested crowd of peasants. The return journey was somewhat unique, owing to the fact that no engine was required to pull the trucks, but they were started off by hand on a downhill grade, and made the entire journey of nine or ten miles in a surprisingly short space of time. It is true that this journey was not altogether devoid of accidents or excitement, since at one moment the brakes on a descending car in the rear refused to act, with the result that this car came crashing into one which carried the ladies; while on another occasion some men logging in the

mountains seized a rather inopportune time to shoot a huge tree down a slide from above and on to the railway line, just at the particular moment when one car was passing the foot of the timber-slide, and, in consequence, the passing car was derailed; but, *mirabile dictu*, only one passenger was slightly injured. Some people consider that minor accidents, such as these, merely add relish to a day's fishing in the mountains, and the writer is among the last of those who would deny the fact. If any excitement, additional to those already mentioned, is needed in Roumania, such is also available. For while fishing a small stream, which formed the boundary-line between two countries, our host cautioned us on no account to cross to the opposite bank, since that was Hungarian territory, and if we set foot there we might probably get fired at by a frontier guard. A nice point this, forsooth, to be raised at the critical moment when our favourite fly, on a brand-new cast, is firmly hooked in an alder bush on the Hungarian bank. And being Englishmen we must perforce show our national independence by crossing the stream and recovering our fly at all costs. Fortunately, perhaps, there never seemed to be a frontier guard behind any of the actual bushes which we did hook.

As regards the lake which was reputed to contain those leviathan trout. It was a curious sheet of water, having been formed in recent years by means of a vast mountain slide, which had blocked up a whole valley through which a small stream flowed. The valley had once contained a forest of trees, and both above and below the waters of the lake could still be seen dead tree-tops and countless branches. Needless to remark, an angler who visits this lake should be plentifully supplied with spare tackle, since the odds are considerably in favour of big fish fouling the line around some snag ere they reach the landing-net.

On our first visit to this lake a number of the party amused themselves by fishing with worms from a primitive form of raft, and as the water was very muddy from recent rains, their catch was considerably greater than that made by the fly-fishermen. Although no fish much exceeding a pound in weight was caught, the wildest excitement prevailed among the ladies on board the raft whenever one of its patient occupants succeeded in landing a trout. The latter performance was most amusing, since it generally ended by the trout being jerked high into the air, where it was dexterously caught in mid-air with a landing

net by the native gillie, who for the first time in his life saw one of these strange English devices, and was very proud of having discovered the fact that it was obviously intended to be used as a form of butterfly-catcher.

A second expedition to this lake did not yield much better results with the fly, because its waters were still thick, owing to steady and persistent rain in the mountains. Of course we were constantly assured that such a state of affairs could not possibly last, as everyone declared that it never rains in Roumania in summer. But somehow the writer has found, during his numerous wanderings in quest of sport, that he is constantly meeting the exception in climatic conditions. This Roumanian trip was a good example of the case in point, as for a period of seven weeks there were hardly two consecutive fine days; in consequence, the chief object of the trip had to be entirely abandoned. This was our hopes of catching the huchen (the so-called Danube salmon), which are found in certain rivers of Roumania. Expeditions to these rivers only revealed a miserable state of affairs, the streams being in heavy flood with broken timber rafts and *débris* coming down, and numerous bridges blocked, or entirely carried away.

On a few of the rare fine days we paid visits to a neighbouring small lake and stream, where several kinds of coarse fish and grayling were very numerous. Here, when the water was clear, these fish would take the dry-fly readily, and one morning's fishing yielded some forty odd fish to our two rods, many of the fish scaling between a pound and two pounds each. Yet another abortive expedition was made to a vast lake, where pike, giant carp and tench were swarming; but here also the effect of rains had rendered all chances of fishing hopeless.

In an ordinary season, and under normal climatic conditions, there is no doubt that an angler can find a variety of sport in the mountains of Roumania. But it is essential before making an expedition there that a visitor be assured of getting permission to fish on some private estate. A considerable portion of the country is actually owned by small peasant farmers, and where villages lie along the river banks the fishing is practically spoilt owing to the use of nets, etc., by the peasants. But amid the mountains, where great landlords still hold their sporting rights, many fine streams exist, which only need a little artificial aid from the hand of man to improve and make them into excellent trout rivers. C. R. E. RADCLYFFE.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE RETURN OF THE FIELDFARE.

I HEARD not long since, in mid-October, the unaccustomed chattering notes of fieldfares, that harsh "tsak! tsak!" which no one who notices birds and their voices can possibly mistake. There is no sound in autumn which to me recalls more impressively the approach of winter. It reminds me unfailingly year after year of fields sheeted in snow, of dark leaden skies, great flights of "felts"—as country people still call them—of shining holly trees mobbed by troops of these birds for the sake of the brilliant red berries, and of big bags made by small boys—their hands blue and numbed with cold—armed with what guns they could get together. Those hard winters seem not so common in these days, but they will come again surely enough. I well remember that in 1879 we were skating on strong ice on November 15th. This year, if snow and frost visit us early, fieldfares and redwings will find the greatest harvest of the red fruit of the hawthorn that I can remember. Fieldfares can support life on these and other berries well enough for a time, though much snow and very severe cold are too much even for them; but redwings are not so hardy, a diet of berries seems to suit them less well, and in a prolonged spell of severe weather they perish in thousands. In mild, open weather fieldfares are extremely shy of human beings; but snow and frost tame them rapidly, and the rural gunner can then make those big bags of these birds in which his sporting soul delights. There is no waste in the slaying of fieldfares which afford, either roasted or in pies, most excellent and delicate eating.

FIELDFARE-CATCHING IN THE STEWART PERIOD.

Our ancestors of the seventeenth century, being still much handicapped by long and very cumbrous guns, undertook much of their sport by means of nets and bird-lime. Liming for birds is now a lost art, but in those days it was practised with great success. Nicholas Cox, in "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1677, gives the following recipe for "Taking Felfares by Water-bird-lime." "About Michaelmas, or when the cold weather begins to come in, take your gun and kill some Felfares; then take a couple of them, or one may serve, and fasten them to the top

of a Tree, in such manner that they may seem to be alive; having so done, prepare two or three hundred Twigs, take a great Birchen-bough, and therein place your Twigs, having first cut off all the small Twigs; then set a Felfare upon top of the bough, making of him fast, and let this bough be planted where the Felfares do resort in a morning to feed; for they keep a constant place to feed in, till there is no more food left. By this means others flying but neer, will quickly espie the top bird and fall in whole flocks to him. I have seen at one fall three dozen taken." Bird-lime was prepared in those days by a long and tedious process from the bark of holly, which was first boiled, then laid out to rot for ten or twelve days, then pounded in a mortar, washed, left to purge in a closed earthen pot, and afterwards simmered with a third part of goose or capon grease over a gentle fire. From this sticky compound was manufactured water-bird-lime, by adding more capon grease, vinegar, salad oil and Venice turpentine. "This sort of Bird-lime," says the ingenious Cox, "is the best, especially for Snipes and Felfares."

WOODCOCK.

Woodcock are slowly filtering into our woods and coverts, although up to the present few have been shot in the South of England. Of these birds, as of snipe, it is impossible to predict what kind of a season one may have with them. During the last ten years we have had at least two winters in which cock were fairly plentiful in the South of England. If the ancient and most wasteful practice of shooting woodcock on the northward or spring migration in Germany, Austria-Hungary and Sweden were abolished, there is no doubt that the annual autumn migration to Britain would be much more considerable than it now is. Denmark has, I am glad to say, recently put a stop to the practice and granted woodcock a close time, between February 1st and September 15th. Norway has enacted a close season from the end of May to August 25th, but this is not sufficient, in my judgment, as these birds are already in Norway in May and their young full-fledged by July. Of the hundreds, one may say thousands, of cock shot by Continental sportsmen in spring a very large majority would in all probability, if spared, breed and produce young. Four eggs are normally laid by the woodcock mother, and it is a simple

matter to calculate what vast numbers of woodcock are thus lost to Europe by this fatal and unsportsmanlike practice of spring shooting.

MEDITERRANEAN SPORT.

For several generations British sportsmen, especially naval officers employed in the Mediterranean, have enjoyed wonderful cock-shooting on the coasts of Albania and other parts of the Balkan littoral. This autumn, it is to be feared, owing to the mighty war operations in those regions, the woodcocks and other game—boar, roe, partridge, etc.—will not be thus accessible. It may be doubted whether even on the Greek coast—where sport is also very good—landing-parties will be much encouraged in the present disturbed state of affairs. Five years ago a party of officers from a British warship, shooting for five days near Platrea, Western Greece, bagged 386 woodcock, snipe, duck, quail, plover and hares, of which no fewer than 467 head were woodcock. Many years ago a yachting-party, shooting on the Butrinto, Acheron and Achelous rivers, got 1,026 woodcock in six days' sport, besides many other kinds of game. Wild sport of this kind is, as those who have had the pleasure of it are well aware, far more delightful than the shooting to be obtained at the present day in the more civilised and frequented regions of Britain. Still, those who have the luck to shoot cock on the West Coast and Islands of Scotland, in the West of Ireland and other such favourite haunts of the cock, are very well able to appreciate some of the delights of the Mediterranean gunner. Some of the Hebrides yield very excellent sport with these birds. On Raasay, for example, 72 cock have been killed in a day by three guns, and over fifty by two guns. Sir Frederick Milbank's bags in Harris and Lewis fifty or sixty years ago were extremely good when one remembers that the birds were gleaned, not in coverts, but on open hillsides and along glens and burns. The autumn of 1854 yielded Sir Frederick 426 cock; 1856, 351 head; and 1858, 381 head. After 1863 the migration of woodcock to the Island fell off greatly, from some unexplainable reason, and so far as I know the plenty of former years has never been repeated there.

THE WEIGHT OF WOODCOCK.

One is sometimes asked, what is the weight of a good woodcock. A fair average bird scales about 12oz., or a trifle less. But one pretty often comes across instances where woodcock weigh considerably more. Quite recently, in a contemporary, mention was made of a cock shot this season which scaled 16oz.—a first-rate bird. I have a note of a cock, shot in County Kerry, which scaled 16½oz., and of another, shot the same day, which went 15½oz. Three years ago three woodcock, shot in South Devon, in late December, averaged 14½oz. a bird, the heaviest weighing 15½oz. A bird shot in Kent in 1900, in the month of January, scaled 16½oz. The heaviest cock of which I have ever heard or read is the famous "double woodcock" mentioned by Yarrell. This was a bird shot in 1801 at Hadleigh, Suffolk, which weighed no less than 27oz. when fresh and 24oz. the day after it was shot. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, in one of the "Badminton Library" volumes on "Shooting," refers to a letter of Mr. Coke of Holkham, afterwards Lord Leicester, which duly authenticates this remarkable specimen. These enormous birds were known as "muffcocks" in Suffolk, and seem in those days to

have been occasionally met with. We never hear of "double" cock in these degenerate times; at least I have never heard of a British woodcock during the last thirty years which scaled more than 18½oz. This was a specimen vouched for by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, and it seems to have been the heaviest ever met with during a long experience by that famous sportsman, and "was the result of a close inspection of several hundreds." A woodcock of more than 14oz. is a decidedly good bird.

NIGHTJAR SUPERSTITIONS.

In speaking of nightjars one is reminded of the singular superstitions which have always been connected with these birds in all parts of the world. In our own country the name goat-sucker is among rustics still a common term for this species, and from the earliest times in various parts of Europe some such designation has accompanied the nightjar. Even among the Zulus a kindred superstition obtains, and, according to the Messrs. Woodward, they interpret the weird note of this bird as "Savolo sengela abantubako," which, translated, means "Nightjar, milk for your people." Our common English nightjar is, by the way, known all over South Africa, whither it migrates for the winter. The Indians of Central and South America believe that the appearance of these birds portends evil, although they refuse to kill them. No doubt the nightjar's nocturnal habits, strange appearance and weird cries have led to the beliefs which have for ages gathered about them. Old-fashioned gamekeepers insisted on calling them night hawks and often shot them. Whether this practice has completely died out I am uncertain, possibly not in remote places, for the keeper is a conservative creature, and finds it very difficult to part with the beliefs in which his forefathers were brought up.

SUSSEX BUSTARDS.

I heard recently from a countryman some vague report of a bustard having been shot in Sussex. If this were really the case, I have no doubt it was a little bustard, a bird which occasionally reaches the county on the autumn migration. Three years since, one of these handsome birds was shot by a young farmer on the edge of Pevensey Marsh. The little bustard, which measures no more than seventeen inches in length, is, however, a very different customer from the great bustard, which attains forty-three inches in length and a weight of as much as thirty pounds. These noble birds, which, as most of my readers know, were once plentiful on the Sussex Downs and other open parts of England, have long since been exterminated. We have had a few wanderers to Britain from the Continent from time to time during the last forty years, notably in 1870-71, 1879-80 and 1890-91; but we shall never again see *Otis tarda* as a resident species. Yet the Rev. Borrer, in his "Birds of Sussex," tells us that these bustards were often hunted in Sussex by his father, who died at a great age in 1844. "He told me," says Mr. Borrer, "that he had seen many a good course with these birds. He used to go out early in the morning after a foggy night, to look for them feeding in the wet turnips, where they were frequently so soaked as to be unable to fly. He generally found them in little parties of from five to ten, and sometimes took five or six in a morning." This would probably be at the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century. Times have sadly changed since those good days!

H. A. BRYDEN.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S NEW ROCK GARDEN.

IN the horticulture of to-day a rock garden of some kind has become an absolute necessity. It yields beautiful effects that no other form of gardening will do, and without it there is no chance of enjoying some of the most delightful of all hardy flowers. The introduction during recent years of many new and beautiful plants from the European Alps, and from the more distant, little-known heights of Northern China and Thibet, has taught us that if we would grow these plants to anything like the perfection they attain in their natural haunts we must provide them with conditions as nearly as possible approaching those found in the mountains. It is true that many of the coarser-growing flowers that are natives of the lower alpine regions can be successfully cultivated in the open border, but it is the many beautiful dwarf plants, found wedged among the crevices of the rock high up in the mountains, that are the most pleasing of all, and to provide a congenial home for these a rock garden is essential. What form this rock garden shall take must, of necessity, depend very largely upon the contour of the land and the kind of vegetation among which it is to be placed. But whatever form it may take, whether it be that of a miniature mountain or dry river-bed,

with rocks jutting out from the banks on either side, thorough construction on lines as nearly as possible approaching those of Nature must be aimed at.

A rock garden well and judiciously planned will be in perfect harmony with its immediate surroundings, and will provide a suitable home for all kinds of alpine plants, no matter whether they require sun or shade, moisture or drought. Following will be found some particulars of the new rock garden recently completed in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley. In having this rock garden made the council aimed at one that should be a model of its kind, and one that the Fellows could study with interest and advantage.

The gardens at Wisley afforded an excellent site for the purpose—a site on rather a steep hillside that admitted of the work being carried out in a bold, natural style, its seclusion from any artificial feature being an important point in its favour. Within certain specified conditions the contractors were given a fairly wide discretion, a fixed sum being granted for the work. In preparing their scheme Messrs. Pulham secured the services of Mr. Edward White, a well-known landscape artist, who assisted in designing the garden from a landscape standpoint. The hillside was a rather wild spot, about one and a-half acres

in extent, covered at the top or south-east part with rough turf containing bulbs and a few deciduous shrubs, with a number of Apple trees, while at the bottom some ponds, margined with Gunneras, Osmundas, Bamboos and similar plants, were situated. On a portion of the bank rising from the water was a good group of conifers, and these it was decided to retain, with a few natural-looking outcrops of rock to bring this portion of the ground into harmony with that above, and yet at the same time preserve the natural contour and general appearance of the whole.

Crossing the larger pond was a Silver Birch bridge, and this it was decided to retain and open up vistas from it looking through the valley. It was also decided to introduce a stream and waterfall, which would enable aquatic and bog-loving plants to be accommodated at various places in the rock garden. It was at first thought that the water for this might be obtained from the ponds already referred to, but after very careful consideration an independent supply of water was decided upon, and this was found in a well at the lowest part of the grounds, which, although it had been discarded for some years, was found to give a good supply. A small heather-clad building was erected over the well, and in this a petrol engine attached to a pump was laid down. By this engine the water is pumped through a pipe to the highest part of the rock garden, where a brick and concrete reservoir of several thousand gallons capacity was constructed below the surface and concealed by a belt of shrubs. From this reservoir the water runs first over the principal waterfall, down the stream and over the smaller waterfalls, and into the ponds below. At numerous points along the supply pipe junctions have been made so that hose-pipes for watering can be fixed thereon.

In the construction of a rock garden too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of suitable stone, as on it depends very largely the appearance of the garden when finished and also the health of the plants that are to grow in the crevices. The stone selected for the Wisley garden was a Sussex sandstone, of bold shape and of large size, its colour harmonising well with the natural soil, a point that is too often overlooked. Care was taken to lay every stone on its proper bed, as nearly as possible in the position it rested before quarried, and by so doing a very natural effect was secured. In shaping the ground previous to placing the stone in position care was taken to obtain as many south and west aspects as possible, so that, with the natural aspect, a great many different positions were secured. Thus sun-loving plants, those that like shade and those that like partial shade, were all provided with suitable situations.

The first portion to be built was the main or top waterfall. The stream was followed down from the top and concreted in as natural a manner as possible. Indeed, one would not, at present, know that concrete had been used from the appearance of the stream. For efficiency Messrs. Pulham consider that concrete is very much better than the other and more natural method of puddling, while if the work is properly done it should not be an eyesore to anyone. The concrete was mixed so as to closely resemble the soil in colour, the edges kept low, and in some places the water allowed to flow over them and thus form damp beds for moisture-loving plants. In the total length of the stream there are twelve small waterfalls, each different in appearance, and the rocks forming these were joined together with cement of the same

colour as the rock, so that the water cannot escape between them. Not far away a cave for filmy Ferns was made, some land drains that were found during the excavations being relaid and made to carry the water from a small spring higher up on the bank to the top part of the cave, so that there is the constant drip and splash of water that produces the moist atmosphere so necessary for the well-being of these Ferns. The overflow from the cave pool runs into the bog garden, which, owing to the steep nature of



THE MAIN OR TOP WATERFALL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

the bank, had to be formed in three different levels. The ground for the bog garden was carefully puddled with clay, and flat stepping-stones securely placed so that the plants can be inspected at close quarters. There is also an alternative supply of water for the bog garden which can be utilised should the necessity for doing so arise.

In all up-to-date rock gardens a moraine is now looked upon as a necessity, and as the garden at Wisley was to be a model of its kind, such a feature had to be accommodated. The beds of the moraine were puddled in the same way as those for the bog garden,



THE MORaine AFTER IT WAS COMPLETED.

and stones arranged so as to form divisions and also give the proper levels, this being necessary owing to the steepness of the site. An arrangement is also made so that each or any bed can be relieved of superfluous moisture. Over the puddled, water-tight bottom six inches of coarse stone was placed, and on this the pipes for supplying the necessary water were laid. The pipe to each bed has a separate tap, and each is perforated at intervals along that portion actually in the bed, so that an even distribution of water is secured. After testing the pipes the beds were filled in with fine stone chippings to a depth of several inches. All pipes, taps and other mechanical devices are hidden from view.

The foregoing are the main features in the construction of this rock garden, which is one that the Society may well be proud of. Owing to the steep nature of the bank rough stepping-stones have been placed in numerous positions so that visitors can see the plants at close quarters. But these steps are for the most part carefully concealed, and do not in any way detract from the general appearance of the garden. For the foregoing particulars, and also for the accompanying illustrations, we are indebted to Messrs. Fulham and Sons. The making of the garden was completed in August of last year, and since that time a great deal of planting has been effected, though more remains to be done to enhance the interest to all beholders and lovers of this fascinating art.

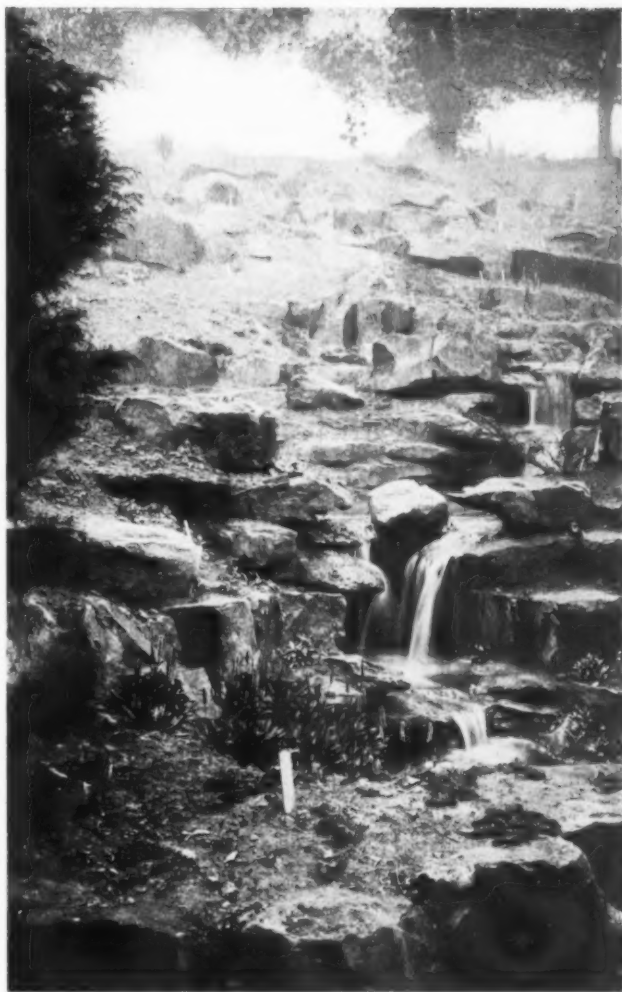
Among the plants on this new rockery that are doing remarkably well are many varieties of *Primulas*, all planted in large masses for effect; in fact, this is the rule with other plants besides *Primulas*. Among the latter may be mentioned *P. alpina*, *P. bulleyana*, *P. capitata*, *P. cockburniana*, *P. japonica*, *P. frondosa*, *P. denticulata*, *P. rosea*, *P. pulverulenta*, those loving moisture being in the dampest parts, and others among crevices in the stones, on slopes and similar places most suited to the requirements of each species.

Ramondia pyrenaica and its white form are represented by fine masses of plants in shady positions, where water cannot lodge in the rosettes of leaves; and, considering how recently they were planted, they are already very fine. *Polygonum vaccinifolium* was perfectly charming a few weeks ago with its lovely rosy pink flowers, the growths falling in graceful profusion over the stones. The same applies to big clumps of *Lithospermum prostratum*, which, even in the late autumn, was one sheet of deep blue. A grand lot of *Lewisia*s, probably every variety worth growing, are in rude health, *L. Tweedei* being especially fine. These are planted by the sides of large stones, ensuring both moisture and free drainage.

Of *Saxifragas* there is endless variety, but we may mention specially *S. Griesbachii*, doing wonderfully well in a position where it can get its roots among the rocks; its silvery rosettes and carmine red flowers and stalks make it one of the most beautiful of its kind. *Shortia galacifolia* and *Galax aphylla* have both been planted in large clumps in semi-shaded places, and *Parochetus communis* we have never seen so good or with such masses of beautiful blue Pea-like flowers, growing and trailing for yards down a ravine, evidently just the spot it enjoys. In another damp part *Meconopsis integrifolia* ought to be grand next year, the fine healthy plants being in several great masses.

Near the dripping cave, *Lobelia syphilitica*, *Rodgersia podophylla* and similar moisture-loving plants are flourishing admirably. The bog garden immediately below is being furnished, so that it should be full next year. *Gunnera magellanica*, by the side of one of the pools in the rockery, is very pretty and a great contrast to its neighbour, *G. manicata*, with leaves six feet to eight feet across. There is also a very good collection of *Gloxinias* about the rockery, all growing very freely, including the difficult *G. verna*. *Gypsophila repens rosea* succeeds well, making large clumps of bright rose; *Dianthus*, *Heuchera*, dwarf *Hypericums*, *Iberis*, *Arabis*, *Cyclamen*, *Statice*, *Aubrietias* and *Sedums* are also good. A plant worthy of note among the latter is *Sedum obtusatum*, which turns a glowing red in the autumn. *Schizocodon soldanelloides* is extra fine, being grown in a shady spot. Some of the *Sempervivums* are always an attraction, and these are perfectly at home growing on and among stones, the same variety looking quite different when in a sunny spot to what it is in shade.

The dwarf *Scabiosa graminifolia* was one sheet of flowers in September. *Geum coccinea* Mrs. Bradshaw was simply gorgeous with its brilliant blooms, and *Pentstemon heterophyllus*, not far away, was covered with its china blue flowers. *Phlox*, *Thyme*, *Orobanch* and such-like are not very handsome in the autumn, but make a brave show in spring, and are grown somewhat largely. *Erodiums* in variety were flowering freely at the end of September. These are only a few of the thousands of rock plants at Wisley. The moraine is only partly planted; but this and all other planting to complete the furnishing is expected to be finished early next year. At the time of writing a quantity of suitable dwarf trees and shrubs were being planted, these giving the whole a well-furnished appearance.



THE STREAM FLOWING FROM THE TOP.



THE LOWEST OF THE SERIES OF WATERFALLS.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.



"HOLD HARD . . . !!!"

RULES AND CUSTOMS IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

A CHARACTERISTIC of modern hunting is an increase of rules and regulations in regard to everything connected with the sport. Much that was "unwritten law" formerly now finds its way into print in the form of circulars and such-like issued to

subscribers. Many of these printed rules have reference to subscriptions, and doubtless are necessary, if regrettable. I have always regarded hunting as the most democratic of all sports, when all classes of society met, often on more nearly an equality than at any other time, where the good man on the cheap horse was, and felt he was, the equal of many a more fortunate individual who, though blessed with large store of this world's goods, and among them high-priced horses, failed to get a pennyworth more satisfaction out of them than his seemingly less fortunate neighbour did from his "screw."

That this time has quite passed away one is unwilling to think; but the fact that rules as to "minimum subscriptions," etc., are all written down in black and white and sent round annually in many hunts, that "capping" is becoming more and more general, certainly renders it more difficult for the poor man to hunt, and I think has rather the effect of levelling up the matter of subscriptions at both ends, as rules of this kind, if they tell the smaller subscriber how much he must subscribe, also tell the large one how little he may contribute. At any rate, the days are

fast passing away when the rich man paid for the sport of his poorer neighbours; everyone seems to have become more business-like, pays for what he gets and seldom more.

My intention, however, was not to discuss the financial point of view of hunting. There are many other rules issued now, many most necessary and reasonable, and none more so than those published for the guidance of second horse men. The most important of them, one which is I think in general circulation, is restricting second horse men to the roads and forbidding their jumping fences; there is no doubt that infringement of this rule does much harm, and nothing is more likely to cause trouble with farmers, to whom hunting owes so much, than to see a lot of second-horse men taking what they think is a short cut, and establishing all along it a series of well-trodden gaps in the fence along the line. Besides this point of view, their horses would be much better if they

had never left the road. The same two objections hold good in regard to a practice—not common, but occasionally met with—of some people who, without knowing the country, will, either coming to a meet or going home, try to pick their way across country which often entails some jumping *en route*. "Second-horse men should close all gates when found open, and always



DISREGARDING THE RULES?

endeavour to prevent stock from wandering from their proper enclosures." The above is quoted from the Beaufort Hunt circular, which it is recommended should be hung in the saddle-room of all hunting with that pack. That it is the best of rules goes without saying, but that it is a very difficult one to get carried out to any extent is also evident. It is like the unwritten but frequently quoted rule, "Last through shuts the gate," so often disregarded when hounds are running, the reason probably being that the last man, being the last, is generally in the most hurry. This rule, however, cannot be too much instilled into second-horse men; and, to go further still, it might with great advantage be remembered by those hunting how often, while going home, if not earlier, one can by a little trouble shut a gate or two, or even slip in again a rail which has been pulled out to enable a portion of the field to negotiate some obstacle, and the removal of which, followed by a procession of horses, has left what Jorrocks loved, "a well-established gap," through which stock may escape to wander who knows where.

The general conduct of the field is generally left to the good sense of those composing it, helped by the presence of the Master or Field Master. Of course a great deal depends upon him, and his command, or absence of it, according to the individual, is most marked in various countries.

There have been famous Masters whose command of language has as much as anything else made them historical, but there are those who have the gift of commanding their field without using the "rough side of their tongues." No doubt the position of a Master at the critical moment has much to do with the effect of his exhortations. The "Hold hard, please!" from a man in front of the crowd and who is ready to go with the best of them when occasion offers has more effect than all the profane bellowings delivered, it may be, from the length of a field or two behind. Much, of course, must always depend upon the personal influence of the Master, from whatever cause it may arise, and to lay down rules beyond a few generalities would seem superfluous.

In such a matter as printed rules for a hunting-country we would think there was little opportunity for humour, even unintentional; but that there are possibilities in this way would seem to have been discovered when some rules were issued the other day for the guidance of the field in a country revived this season in Wiltshire. In



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

reading them one has the same feeling which one had in first reading the celebrated advice of Geoffrey Gambado upon riding. A doubt arises in the mind as to whether the humour is intentional or not. I quote only a few of the rules, but do so verbatim, leaving it to the reader to decide this question.



"HOLD HARD, PLEASE!"

Rule 4 reads: "Holloas may be discontinued, for the reason that their practice is very bad for hounds and seriously handicaps Hunt servants in the exercise of their duties."

Rule 5: "When hounds are drawing a wood the field will keep outside, or together in the main riding, where they can hear (it is not necessary for them to see) and that they will not gallop about the ridings when hounds are running in cover, nor on the outside of the wood."

Rule 6: "Advice, always well meant (but more often than not ridiculous and foolish), may not be offered to Hunt servants."

Rule 7: "When the fixture is arranged at a private house, intoxicating liquors may not be handed to Hunt servants. They infinitely prefer a cup of hot coffee."

Rule 8: "Hounds be not interfered with (even when doing wrong) by any member of the field, unless by special request of the Master."

Rule 11: "The Field shall understand that the Master's word is law and final out hunting."

Some of this advice, though, in the words of Rule 6, it is no doubt "well meant," would appear to the ordinary reader somewhat "ridiculous," if not "foolish"; but perhaps we do not all know those Wild Wiltshiremen. G.

A RUN WITH THE COTTESMORE.

AT the first Leicestershire meet of the Belvoir pack there was everything to make a good day except scent; without that there can be no sport to record. The fixture provided the neighbourhood with a welcome holiday. The more serious sport will come later. The Cottessmore were fortunate in having a very good day on the Tuesday. They found almost at once in Tilton Wood. I think I have already pointed out how well these coverts have been worked. The fox was across the road into Skeffington with very little delay, and it was necessary to make haste to see the best of the hunt that followed. Those who got the start enjoyed the hunt, for the first half-hour was unquestionably the cream of the day's sport. They took a wide ring by way of Tilton Village, where they checked. Catching hold of the hounds just at the right moment, Isaac made a bold cast forward and to the right. So good a fox as this is generally forward, provided he meets no obstacle he cannot get round, and the line went on to Helstead and on over the rough ground in the direction of Marefield. The fox again took a right-handed turn and made his way back to the Skeffington Coverts. From this point onwards hounds and huntsmen must share the credit of the extremely notable bit of hunting

that followed. As is often the case in Leicestershire, the disturbance of the start had put a number of foxes afoot; consequently it was a more than creditable piece of work that, in spite of the temptation of fresh and fragrant lines of scent, Isaac and his hounds managed to handle the hunted fox.

EARTH-STOPPING IN THE QUORN.

It is many years ago (to be accurate, about the year 1852) that Mr. Thomas Smith, then Master of the Pytchley Hounds, but better known to hunting history as the Master of the Hambledon, recommended that earth-stoppers should be instructed to stop the earths for the whole winter. The reasons why Mr. Smith advocated this plan was that he found that when the earth was so stopped foxes ran straighter; the foxes, he says, "do not run the rings they used to do in trying every earth in the country when they are found, as they have already discovered that they are all blocked up and therefore often go straight away." The earths, of course, were reopened at the end of February. It is said that Captain Foreser has adopted this plan in the Quorn country, and if this is the case, he, like Mr. Tom Smith quoted above, can certainly justify the course taken by the excellence of the sport enjoyed by his Hunt.

THE RUN OF THE WEEK WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE.

Holnest Pound, in the Blackmore Vale country, is a fixture with a history. There was a time when men used to come long distances to see the hounds hunt the famous Butterwick Jack, a fox of great resource and strength, often pursued, but never killed, by hounds, and drowned at last in one of the floods, by no means uncommon in these low-lying lands. Butterwick Jack has a successor, probably even a descendant; for no sooner were hounds thrown on to one of the small coverts than the fox broke. Nor did he turn or waver until he reached a covert above Charlmington, but a few miles from the Cattistock kennels, and in that country. This was an eight-mile point, or it may be rather less. There was no check, and the time fifty-five minutes. This means that the pace was very fast; so fast, indeed, did hounds run that for some part of the way no one was with them, and but few reached the end at all. This Holnest country is not an easy one, especially at the beginning of the season when the banks and ditches are blind. At all times it is a country which needs to be pushed through. It carries a good scent, and if the fences did not stop hounds to some extent, horses could not live with them. Many of the banks, with their strong growth, must steady the boldest rider and horse. In this case the fox ran along the Vale, and thus turned the terribly steep barrier of hills that divides the Vale from Dorset. X.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

SOME OLD RECORDS OF CAMBRIDGE GOLF.

THE Cambridge University Golf Club was founded in 1875. Its early struggles upon Coe Fen and the heroic exertions of Mr. Linskill, the move to Coldham Common, the surpassing muddiness of that surprising spot and the cheerful villainy of its caddies—these have been celebrated before, but only in terms of vague reminiscence. Quite lately, however, through the kindness of Mr. Charles Pigg, now and for many years past the faithful secretary of the C.U.G.C., I have been able to renew my acquaintance with the earliest minute-books of the club, which throw an entertaining light upon the details of golf in the dark ages.

The minutes begin in 1878, and among the first resolutions recorded is one that a match is to be arranged against Oxford—the first Inter-University match—and another that "the four players against Oxford be those who make the best score on the medal day"—a delightfully simple plan, which might have saved the captain from many searchings of heart. The medal day is, however, for some reason postponed till after the match, which Oxford won by 24 holes; when it does arrive it at least produces some wonderful scoring. The handicap is won by Mr. Stewart of Trinity with 122—25=97, and the scratch prize by Mr. Adams of Caius with 100. It must have been a difficult game, for even Mr. W. T. Linskill, bred at St. Andrews and at this time perpetual captain of the club, takes 110 to get round, and the Rev. G. F. Sams of Peterhouse brings up the rear with 170—45=125. Even the last astonishing record does not stand for long, since it is soon afterwards beaten by a famous classical scholar from St. John's with 183. Moreover, scores far over 100 are the rule for some time to come. Handicaps are adjusted on the average of each man's scores for nine holes; the average of the two best players is said to be "about 47," while that of S. R. James of Trinity, now the Head-Master of Malvern and a golfer difficult to defeat over the charming and deceitful course there, is recorded as 70. Nevertheless, a stern

edict is passed that "the limit (of handicap) be reduced to 40." Some new and distinguished members are elected to the club about this time. A special paragraph records that of Mr. Oscar Browning, and soon after come Mr. J. K. Stephen and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, while the minutes of a committee meeting are signed "J. E. C. Welldon, President." This committee concerns itself to an extraordinary degree with the uniform best fitting the dignity of the club; for there is note after note on this momentous subject. In the October term of 1878 it is decided that "the club uniform be scarlet with dark blue collar and cuffs, gilt buttons," and, which appears truly remarkable to-day, "cap red with cross clubs and C.U.G.C. in dark blue." Soon afterwards it is decided that those who play against Oxford shall have an oriflamme all of their own, a dark blue cap, on which are to be worked in light blue the crossed clubs, C.U.G.C. and the date. Here the question rests for a while, but in 1883 it crops up again, and the minutes throw some light on a matter which has been obscured by the mists of time, namely, what, if any, legal right the golfers of Cambridge have to a half blue.

A sample cap having been laid on the table of the house, "The secretary reminded the meeting that when the 'blue' was first started, the club had procured the assent of the Boat Club to have a 'Blue,' provided that it was not to be a 'full' one." It is thereupon decided to have a light blue cap with dark blue stripes, but a year later comes another addition or alteration to the effect that the "ordinary cap" is to be "dark blue quarters with light blue braid divisions." Still the club is not satisfied; it chafes against restrictions, and in 1887 apparently sets the august tribunal of the Boat Club at defiance by ordaining a whole light blue cap, bearing a device of cross clubs in dark blue. At some time, though I have not been able to discover exactly when, the dark blue turned into silver, since, hidden away among ancient and precious relics, I possess a cap so decorated. I do not think I ever dared to wear it, but a slightly earlier generation did, for I will

swear to having seen such caps on the heads of Mr. John Low and Mr. Eric Hambro in years gone by.

This clothing question has taken me far away from my point of departure in 1878, and I must go back several years. In 1879 a great figure in Cambridge golf appears in the person of Mr. Welsh, afterwards Senior Wrangler, and now a fellow and tutor of Jesus. Mr. Welsh's scores give one a genuine insight into the difficulties of the game in those days, because he not only is now, but was then, a really good golfer. He had learnt the game in boyhood on Bruntsfield Links; he was good enough to give Mr. Horace Hutchinson a very hard fight in the University match, and since that time he has attained a great reputation at Machrihanish, where he has done wonderful scores in one Long Vacation after another. He was quite clearly the best player in Cambridge when he came up, for he is recorded as sweeping the board in all competitions. Yet what are his scores? On one occasion he wins both scratch and handicap prizes with 98 plus 4. Certainly on another never-to-be-forgotten day he returns an 84, but when the course is "harder and longer than ever before" he relapses to 102, and yet his is the best score. We who play on perfectly-kept courses with far-bounding balls are surely an effeminate race judged by such heroic standards.

One or two of the entries give some further idea of what the players had to contend with. It is proposed that "a roller be hired for one month" and one Sam is to receive two shillings a week for using it. Sam, however, does little to deserve this splendid wage, for the captain requests Mr. Linskill "to make representations" to him "that he is idle," and Mr. P. R. Don adds that "it is not *ultra vires* for Mr. Linskill to impress this on Sam." There can be no doubt, I think, that the representations were most impressively made; nevertheless, soon afterwards Sam has the hardihood to ask for another sixpence a week for rolling, but his request is rejected by the odd vote. Again, there seems to be some little difficulty in the matter of clubs. A public set for beginners is kept at the club-house and can be hired at a low rate "on the analogy of Westward Ho!" Otherwise clubs have to be purchased at a well-known hatter's in the town, and the hatter's clubs appear to have been disapproved of. After some discussion a deputation of one is appointed to go and buy a sample, and he reports on the whole favourably, that he has purchased two (apparently at 2s. 6d. apiece), "oiled them carefully and found them satisfactory."

Hardly is this question solved when a more serious one turns up. The meeting is informed "that the field which is bounded by that most hazardous hedge belongs to a certain Alderman, a mighty man on the Town Council; . . . that if the boys are allowed to continue breaking in through this hedge the golf may be stopped by the authorities of the town." The caddies, too, are said to have a playful habit of stamping a ball into the mud in order to steal it at leisure—this custom survived till long afterwards—and they go so far into Barnwell in order to plague golfers on their way to the course that a rule is passed that no caddie is to be engaged before a certain point on the road. This was, no doubt, eminently necessary, for even now I can remember, from being taken to Coldham as a very small boy in the earlier eighties, the pandemonium of yells and solicitations with which each arriving golfer was greeted. Golf was a singular game in those pristine days at Cambridge; yet it gave much pleasure to many people. I hope it may please a few to have it brought back to their recollection.

B. D.

MR. L. NICHOLLS.

MR. L. NICHOLLS of the 5th Fusiliers is probably the best left-handed golfer now playing, not forgetting Mr. Peter Gannon, winner of many Continental championships, and Mr. Scari, a very good player in the Midlands. He has played consistently good golf during the three matches recently engaged in by an Army side; at Mid-Surrey he halved with Mr. Taylor after standing dormy two up; at Stoke Poges he had beaten Mr. Dodsworth in the second round of the tournament by a handsome margin, and he was also very successful in the foursomes. Mr. Nicholls is not only a very good player, but, which is the more rare among left-handers, a singularly graceful and easy one. He has learnt much of his golf in a very good school, namely, at Westward Ho! And it was there in the last amateur championship that he gave Mr. John Ball a very hard match, in spite of the fact that that formidable person was holing quite unjustifiable putts. In a previous round Mr. Nicholls had crushed an unfortunate American gentleman to the tune of 9 and 8 by doing ten holes considerably under the average fours. Altogether he is a very good player and has plenty of time before him yet in which to get better still.

THE ROYAL & ANCIENT CLUB & THE TOWN COUNCIL.

It would appear that the difficulties and differences as to St. Andrews Links are in a fair way to be settled. At an extraordinary general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, held on Saturday, it was agreed to accept the proposal of the Town Council that the starting-places on the old course between 10 and 11.16 a.m. and 2 and 3.16 p.m. should be kept exclusively for members of the club. In exchange for this privilege the members are to give up the right to apply for any other numbers of the ballot, while their privileged times on the New Course are to be 9 to 10 a.m. and 1 to 2 p.m. in place of an hour later in each case, so that they will not occupy both courses during the same hours. On the same day the Town Council held their meeting and agreed to a tariff not exceeding one shilling a day on the Old Course and the tariff on the New Course at no time to exceed that on the Old. These proposals have now to come before the ratepayers, and before they vote thereon a general meeting for discussion is to be held. If the ratepayers agree to these proposals, the club will not apply to Parliament to cancel their obligations under the Provisional Order of 1894, and everybody will, it is to be hoped, live happily ever afterwards. Till the ratepayers have voted there is not much more to be said on the subject, but the proposals strike a dispassionate outsider as eminently reasonable. Nobody could accuse the Royal and Ancient Club of having asked for too much.

THE CADDIE QUESTION.

A public meeting to discuss the condition and prospects of caddies was held on Monday at the Royal United Services Institution under the auspices of the Caddies' Aid Association and the Agenda Club. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was in the chair, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, a very good as well as a very keen golfer, came to the meeting and expressed very warmly his sympathy with its objects. A good many golfers have, it is to be hoped, read

"The Rough and the Fairway," the admirably-written book, the result of much hard work and research, lately published by the Agenda Club. Two of those who had a great deal to do with the compiling of it—Mr. Owen Seaman, the chairman of the Caddies' Committee, and Mr. Bernard Jenkin, the secretary—were among the other speakers. Mr. Seaman spoke generally of the duty of the golfer to his caddie, and emphasised the point that the way to treat a "blind-alley" occupation was not to block the entrance to the alley, but to find an exit from it. This exit, according to Mr. Jenkin, can best be found by training the boys in trade gardening. To train them in some other occupation involves considerable outlay in raw material, while it is very hard to find a market for the finished articles, since it is not to be expected that the boys can compete against those regularly in the trade. This objection does not apply to market gardening, since, as Mr. Jenkin said, a potato grown by a caddie is presumably as good to eat as anybody else's. Moreover, there is, he declared, a real opening for those who have been properly and regularly trained to work on the land, a view which was confirmed by Mr. Powell, the chairman of the Surrey Educational Committee. Mr. Jenkin was also very emphatic on three points—that the boys should have a regular minimum wage, any surplus being ear-marked and devoted in various ways to the earner's benefit; that they should have regular hours; and that the work, whatever it was, should be compulsory. Other speakers were the Rev. H. S. Pelham, Colonel Satterthwaite and Mr. Mark Allerton, the secretary of the Caddies' Aid Association, who gave a sketch of the work that had been already done and urged the formation of local associations all over the country.



MR. L. NICHOLLS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXPLOSIVES IN AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the pioneers in this country in advocating the use of explosives as an aid to agriculture, we were much interested to read your correspondent "W."s Agricultural Note in your issue of the 9th inst. In the use of explosives for uprooting stumps in the past, one or other of two mistakes have generally been made: (1) explosives have been used in too small charges; (2) the charges have been put in holes of insufficient depth. It will be found cheaper and more expeditious in the long run to use a heavy charge of explosives at a fair depth than to attempt to blow away the stump piecemeal by small charges near the surface. As your correspondent remarks, the cost of clearing woodland must vary considerably; but it may be taken as a rough guide that something in the neighbourhood of ten pounds per acre is a fair figure for rooting out scrub; if many trees of over two feet girth are interspersed the cost will be run up to a higher figure. This sum would not include the cost of carting away the stumps or subsequently ploughing the surface, but merely man's time and explosives needed for uprooting the scrub. Your correspondent's criticism as to the danger of bringing up the subsoil to the surface is a perfectly fair one. If, however, care is taken to so adjust the charge and depth of hole that the soil is not thrown up into the air, it will be found on digging down into the ground after a shot has been fired that there is no intermixture of the surface soil with the subsoil. If your correspondent had seen shots fired he would have noticed that as each charge exploded the whole ground over a radius of five to seven feet about the shot hole was lifted bodily two or three inches and fell back again into the same relative position. The subsoil is cracked, however, and probably in course of time portions of the top soil will be washed down by rains and otherwise into the cracks in the subsoil. This, however, we are inclined to think is more likely to prove beneficial than otherwise, as tending to keep the subsoil open, providing humus for the rootlets at the lower level and possibly inoculating the subsoil with bacteria helpful to root growth. The cost of subsoiling by the use of explosives works out at about five pounds per acre, and experienced people consider that it should not be necessary to repeat the operation for from eight to twelve years. We must frankly admit that the process of subsoiling is expensive and is still in an experimental stage, and we should

hesitate to advise anyone to attempt it at present on an extensive scale. We do think, however, that it has great possibilities, when the best method of application has been settled beyond reasonable doubt. It is otherwise with tree planting and stumping; here we are on sure ground and can compete from the point of view of cost at once with other methods; and all who have seen a demonstration of the methods we advocate have been loud in their praises and confident of good results.—M. B. LLOYD (Director Curtis's and Harvey).

JOSEPH THE UNSHRIVEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Hoping this group of "four" may interest you, I venture to send it for reproduction should you deem it worthy of a place in your charming columns. For years Joseph, the donkey, and Nanny, the she-goat, lived like Turk and Bulgar side by side in peace, but a feed of carrots and other good things proved a *casus belli* and Nanny died at the hands, or, rather, heels, of Joseph—"found dead" beside Joseph feeding happily—with the mark of his heel on her brow. The Persian cat and his young mistress have never quite forgiven Joseph.—W. H. M.

A FRUITLESS STRUGGLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a copy of a letter which I think may be of interest to your readers: "Dear B.,—You will be interested to hear of my adventure to-day in the Stinchar. The river was rather big and rather dirty. I was busy at my desk in the morning, but got to the river for an hour, when my wife, fishing in front of me, hooked a fish at the bottom of Bank Wheel, and played it well into the shallows with her little rod; but just at the moment for using the gaff, the hold gave and we lost it. After luncheon, at the third cast—again in Bank Wheel—I rose a fish. I tried again, and hooked him. After a run and a fine shivering jump he settled into a slow progression down stream, threatening a sulk. I always play a fish hard when this happens, so I pulled him down. It is a pool that a fish seldom leaves. Moreover, as he reached the bottom, it seemed certain I was to have a new experience. As you know, it is impossible to get down stream on the west bank, so I struggled across at the tail of the pool and followed him as best I could as he tore down the rapid, no longer drifting or dragging, but making full use of the pace of the water and his own powers. Down I went after him, slipping and floundering seventy or eighty yards in the rear, line all out and nearly all the backing. Reaching the next pool, Maccallum, I had to cross back again, and for a moment or two was quite near him, but with no chance to land. The day was so dark and stormy that it was useless calling for help. It had to be one against one. I got out myself on to the high grass bank of Maccallum, where I have landed many a big fish before, though, of course, it is difficult. This chap, however, was not coming in, but resumed

instead his slow beat down stream. I suppose it was about this time that I knew he was foul-hooked—apparently halfway from head to tail, and underneath. It seemed to be quite impossible to pull him in or to stop him, so again I had to cross. You know the run below Maccallum is quite impossible wading at any time, except along the east side, and even there I never, even in the lowest water, go down it, but always go through the wood. However, what must be, must be, and I got across the bottom of Maccallum in time to start fair for the race down the rapid. There was again a moment when I was very near the fish; but facing west the rain was so bad on my glasses that any little chance of gaffing him in the deep water was destroyed by practical blindness. The moment passed and off we went. Again he abandoned his slow progression and, stimulated by the stream, raced like a 'destroyer' down the rapid. Every now and again I saw his tail whirled in the air like the pictures of dolphins in the classical dictionary. Meanwhile I did my best. I had recovered my wind after my first run, and opened my raincoat at the neck; but, of course, I slithered and tripped again and again. Also, of course, I could not make his pace. Out went the line, all ideas of keeping the rod up had to be foregone. I let the line go straight and, in fact, used it as a tow-rope, which helped me, leaping and stumbling along. Almost too exhausted to stand, I did my utmost, and I got up to him safely and with some fight yet in me. He seemed as fresh as new paint. We were now in the long pool below the rocky foot of Knockdolian, which we call Lang Harr, and though I have often landed fish here also by myself, it is a horrid place with a strong fish, and we soon passed the only bit of shelving bank there is. I shed my fishing-bag and tried ineffectually to shed my coat, but there was no time. On we went down the long deep pool, he always in the swifter water, I in the slow. At the bottom it is, in any case, too deep to wade, and to my horror I now found the water turning red and full of leaves. Of course, I could not gauge the amount of rise, but it frightened me away from the narrow kind of ridge that can be waded, though probably not without getting wet. So here I made my blunder. I tried holding on along the bank, but the bottom is slimy clay, and soon I slipped. I was already far over my wader tops, and on the slip was swimming, or at least bobbing about with no bottom. We have had many talks this autumn about swimming in waders, and I have always maintained that there is no danger if one keeps one's head.

But it is forty years since I last tried it, and I was interested to find I was right. Though I wear a tight strap, the air had all been squeezed out, as I think it must always be, unless when a sudden fall from dry land occurs, and I had no difficulty except that, still hampered with the rod, I could not progress. I managed, however, to pull myself with my left hand past the only remaining obstacles and climbed out, letting the fish meanwhile run as he would. Safely out, I thought all might be well. A flat pool with a good landing was close at hand; but, alas, somehow the line had cut on the reel itself; and so, a sad and weary waterlogged fisherman, I had nothing to do but to trudge home through

Sallachan Wood as best I might. I judged this extraordinary fish to be only about fifteen pounds, but to be quite fresh run."—JOHN W. MCCONNELL.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was with a party recently who saw the phenomenon of "The Spectre of the Brocken" on Ben Lomond. The sun was behind us, and a thick bank of snow-white mist was rushing through the mountain pass in front of and beneath us. On this mist each of the party could see a luminous disc, surrounded by a prismatic band, almost a complete circle, and consisting of the seven colours of the rainbow. In the centre of this disc each of us could see the shadow of himself only, projected a little larger than life size. All our shadows were projected exactly on to the same spot, and yet each observer saw only his own shadow. The appearance of the circle was that of a rainbow of a very narrow diameter with the colour-band abnormally broad. The colours seemed occasionally to palpitate through each other, owing perhaps to the rapid movement of the mist and the unevenness of its surface, and the rainbow, halo, or aureole—whatever one might call it—advanced towards us, or receded from us, according as the mist advanced or receded. It seemed to be approximately at an apparent distance of fifty yards from us. The apparent diameter of the luminous disc might be between ten and twelve feet. The phenomenon was under our observation for twenty minutes.—W. A.

HERON AND TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have recently acquired a few miles of trouting water, and am thinking of stocking it; but the stream issues from hills dotted with small woods and spinneys, in one of which there is a long-established heronry. I am very fond of these birds, and would like to see them either on the stream or winging their way to and from the feeding-grounds in spring; but my neighbours tell me it is impossible to have a well-stocked river without getting rid of them. This is desperate counsel which I am reluctant to accept, and I would be extremely



BEFORE THE CATASTROPHE.

obliged if any of your readers who can speak from experience will tell me what is the real effect of having a heronry in the close neighbourhood of a trout stream.—PISCATOR.

THE BURNING BUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The observations by Sir Edward Thorpe, C.B., F.R.S., in your issue for November 9th provide most interesting reading, and place beyond doubt the reality of the phenomenon of the Burning Bush. This plant is both interesting and beautiful, and at one time was greatly treasured in old-world gardens. Although it is now somewhat obscure, it has been in cultivation for centuries. It is referred to by John Parkinson in "Paradisus Terrestris," published in 1629, where "It is held to be profitable against the stings of

Serpents and against contagious and pestilential diseases." An excellent description of both the red and the white Burning Bush appears in "Paradisus Terrestris" under the name of "Bastard Ditany," by which appellation it is sometimes known to this day. No reference, however, is made to its luminous powers, although the "many winged leaves" are said to be "somewhat like unto Liquerice or a small young Ashe tree, consisting of seven, nine, or eleven leaves set together, which are somewhat large and long, hard and rough in handling, of a darkish green colour and of an unpleasant strong resinous scent."



THE BUSH IN FLOWER.

John Parkinson thought more of the beauty of the flowers than of the volatile vapours exhaled, for after a detailed description of flowers and stems he concludes, "the whole plant, as well roots as leaves and flowers, are of a strong scent, not so pleasing for the smell, as the flowers are beautiful to the sight."—H. C.

CRAB-APPLES AS FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very pleased to see "T. R.'s" answer to my letter about crabs for cattle, and I am glad he agrees with me, but he does not say he has seen it tried as a real food, as I think it might be made, and so help the farmer and those who have fruit to sell. To make two cows give rich enough milk to make twelve pounds of butter in one week, and when taken out of the field the butter sunk shows the apples and pears must have done it. Has "T. R." heard how fond horses are of apples? Some friends of mine a long time ago were very fond of buying young horses and "breaking them in," and the lady told me that they found out that in a short time the horses would do anything if they knew they would get an apple after they had done it; and if they had an apple in their pockets, would follow them wherever they went. It is a great thing to know, as some horses are hard to manage, and man and horse lose their temper. My man, who I have had over thirty-six years, says his father was a horse-trainer and was killed by one of his horses, and his son, that I have, had his head badly hurt with one. As with children, one should only try those with good tempers, but to know anything that would help would be a comfort. My friends went abroad when their children grew up to take a "ranch" and have more room to try their plan, but I am sorry to say the gentleman died, and I heard no more.—J. I. D.



A REMARKABLE GAPE.

writes in reference to the Indian whip snake and remarks upon the remarkable gape of the reptile. I venture to forward the enclosed photograph depicting that feature, thinking it might prove of interest.—W. S. B.

AN UNUSUAL RESIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may find the accompanying photograph suitable for reproduction in your columns. This owl has been observed for the last five days in this novel resting-place only a few yards distant from a busy thoroughfare in Kew. The bird is always protected from the wind, as the cowl revolves very freely, and this may account for its choice of residence. It flies away in the evening but returns between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. It is a brown owl.
—HELEN HOPE,
16, West Park Gardens, Kew.

EGYPTIAN SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am interested in the picture of the black (or brown) and white four-horned sheep, which are given a name new to me. Egyptian, Spanish, Portuguese, Palestine, Syrian and Algerian I know. The flock I am familiar with are descendants of a direct importation from Spain about sixty years ago, but the breed has been many years in England, as I have been told there is a picture at Tabley of the house, over two hundred years old, in which the spotted sheep are depicted. These sheep are "fine fencers." I have frequently seen them take specially-made high hurdles when approached by strangers, though for speed in a sprint the little St. Kildas will beat them. Both these breeds are ornamental in view of a house, and with their lively ways should be given a pile of logs to play on.—A. D.



THE CRAFTY ONE'S HOME.

A CHARCOAL-BURNER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is a photograph of "old man Mitchell," who is a charcoal-burner, as you may see by the blackness of his countenance! He has been at the work all his life, and lives in the respective woods in which he is working, in huts which he erects himself, outside one of which he sat for his portrait, which was taken in a wood in Dymock Parish, Gloucestershire. The wood is stacked in a circle, with a hole up the centre, and covered over with earth, as if it is allowed to blaze the charcoal is of no use. It has to be looked after night and day until it is finished. In olden times, before the railway was made, the charcoal was taken in sacks, on donkeys' backs, to the canal. Two "chaps" work under Mitchell. The profession does not have a great following nowadays, which is not to be wondered at, as it must be a very unpleasant and dirty job.—J. NIBLETT.



HIM AND HIS DAWG.



OYSTER-CATCHER, AVOCET AND REDSHANK.

TAME WATER-FOWL IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs of my alpine garden and tame water birds, in case you should care to reproduce them in your interesting paper. The birds are oystercatchers, young black-headed gulls, avocets, teal and a redshank. I have had oystercatchers here for many years, but a great many have gone, although they were very tame and had for months flown away for short distances and returned again. The young gulls have now flown away. At present they come and go; sometimes are away for several days and then return, and occasionally during the summer and early autumn months a wild gull has joined them here, but these have seldom come more than once or twice. I cannot claim the credit of taming the oystercatchers and avocets, as they come from Holland, where they are hand-reared by the man who sends them to me. Their wings are clipped when they first arrive, and then are allowed to grow. The oystercatchers never have bred here yet, but I think it

of them were seen there in August. Black-headed gulls breed on a tarn about two miles from here, and I have procured a few young ones from there; they become tame very quickly and fly about and return until they all go off to the sea, generally in October. The teal and garganey teal were wild when they arrived, but have become tame from feeding with the other tame birds. I have also some white-fronted geese; a pair I had had for ten years never made a nest till last year, when they hatched and brought up two young ones, which remain here, they fly about everywhere, and I am afraid of some strange shooting them.—MAUD I. LEYBORNE POPHAM, Johnby Hall, Cumberland.



THREE OYSTER-CATCHERS AND TEAL.

may be because I have not quite got the conditions they require. They like a good-sized running stream or river with a gravelly bank, but I hope to get the place better suited to them next year. I have heard of some of the oystercatchers which have left me; two pairs have now settled at a place about twenty miles from here, and I think another pair must have bred on Ullswater last year, as what looked like a family



OYSTER-CATCHERS AND YOUNG BLACK-HEADED GULLS.



OYSTER-CATCHER AND AVOCET.